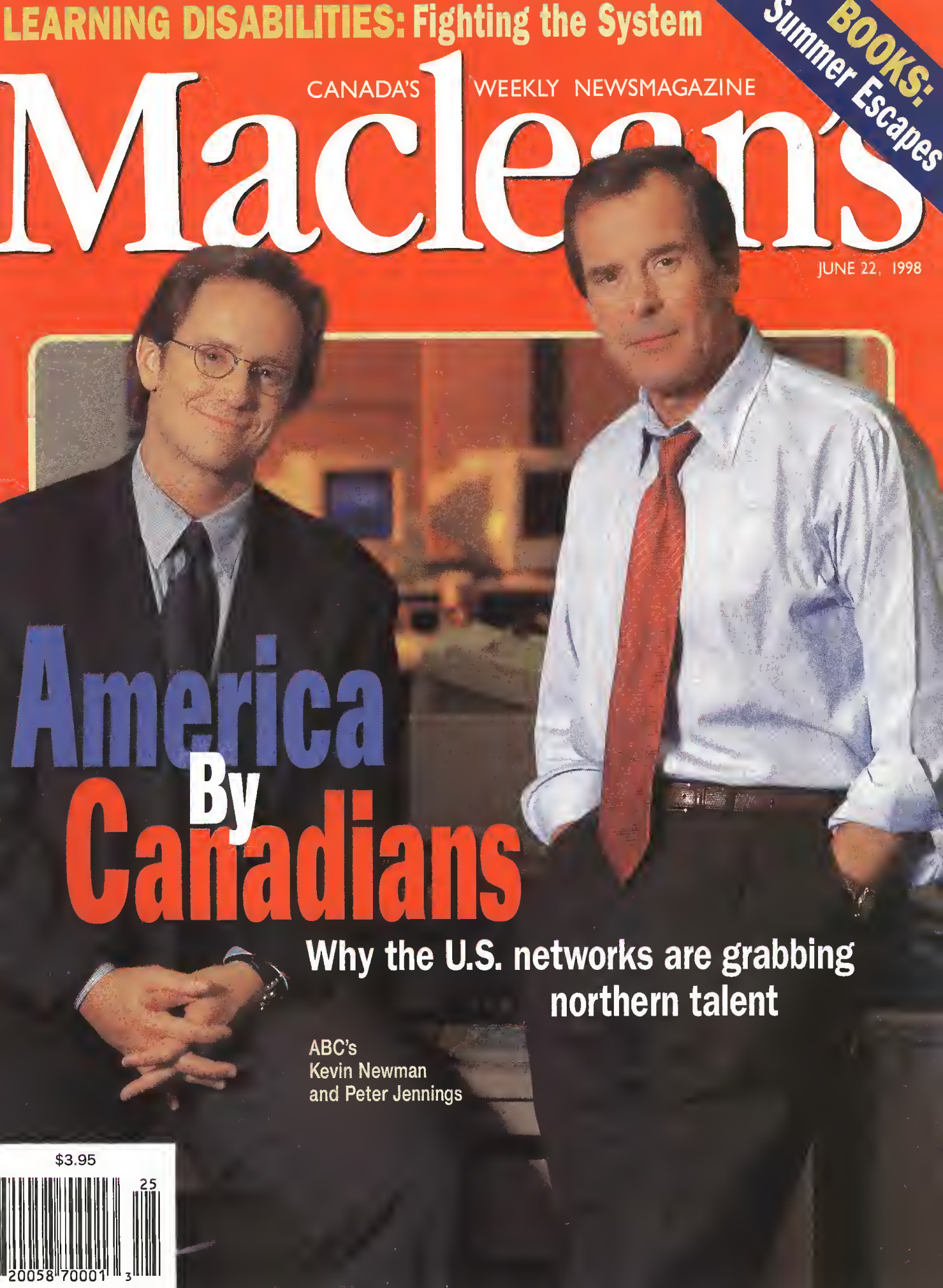
LEARNING DISABILITIES: Fighting the System

BOOKS: Summer Escapes

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

JUNE 22, 1998



America By Canadians

Why the U.S. networks are grabbing northern talent

ABC's Kevin Newman and Peter Jennings

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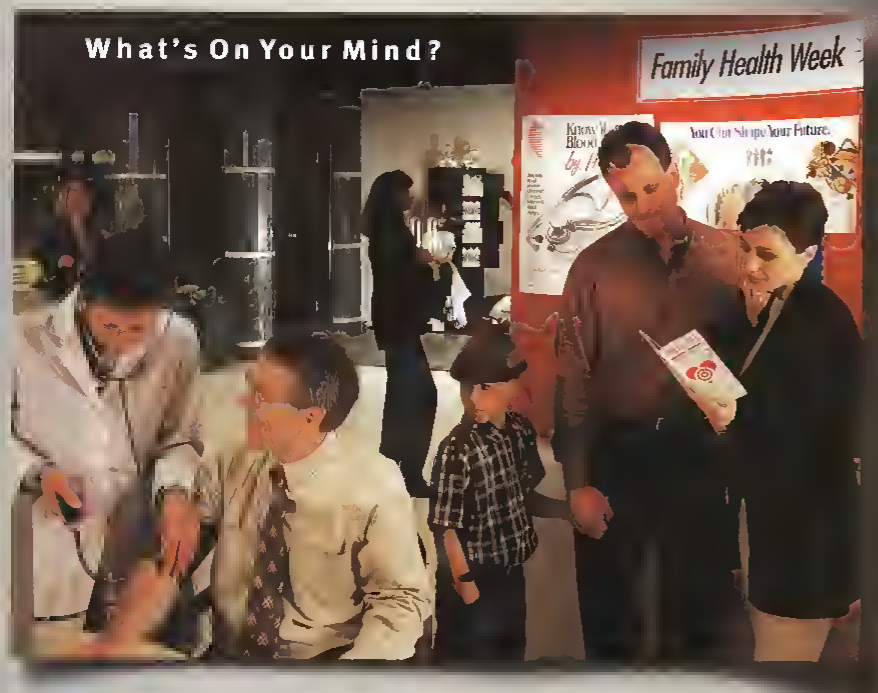
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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

This Week
JUNE 22 1998 VOL 111 NO 25

Departments

EDITORIAL 4
LETTERS 6
OPENING NOTES/PASSAGES 14
CANADA 16
WORLD 20
NATO threatens military action to stop the Serb crackdown in Kosovo a Russian environmental activist suffers debilitating harassment
BUSINESS 26
A Canadian company breathes new life into Tinseltown's tawdry core
PEOPLE 31
COVER 32
TECHNOLOGY 40
On the heels of its lawsuit against Microsoft, Washington hits another high-tech titan—Intel
JUSTICE 43
A Canadian faces trial in a sensational British murder case.
HEALTH MONITOR 45
British Columbia demands fees from tobacco manufacturers Quebec's doctors recognize chronic fatigue syndrome as a disease; doctors caution patients of risks associated with Viagra
EDUCATION 46
BETWEEN THE COVERS 48
THEATRE 56
Veteran actor Brian Bedford shines amid a strong season's opening at the Stratford Festival

Columns

BARBARA AMIEL 13
BRUCE WALLACE 18
ROSS LAVER 28
PETER C. NEWMAN 60

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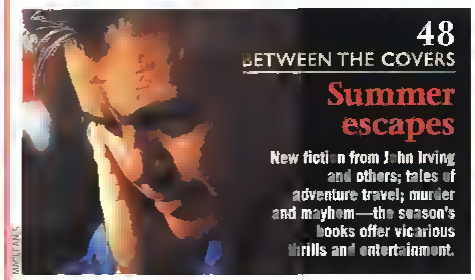
32
America By Canadians
Perhaps more than ever, a number of the top on-air guns at U.S. network news and current affairs shows are Canadians Recently a new generation of media stars, including Kevin Newman, has joined such revered veterans as Peter Jennings



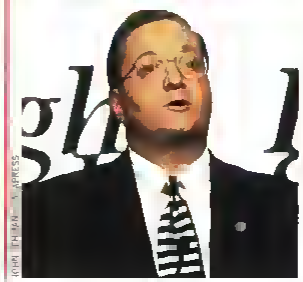
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Features

48
BETWEEN THE COVERS
Summer escapes
New fiction from John Irving and others; tales of adventure travel; murder and mayhem—the season's books offer vicarious thrills and entertainment.



MANU LANIC



JOHN MAHAR—CP PRESS

16
The race begins
Strategist Hugh Segal wants to become Tory leader But he is likely to face a stiff challenge from former prime minister Joe Clark.



RICK CHARD FOR MACLEAN'S

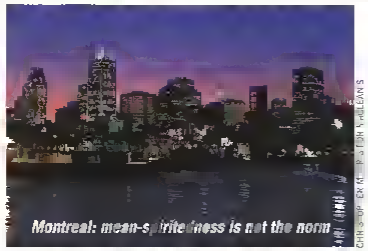
46
Fighting the system
For the first time Canadian parents of the learning disabled are asking the courts to determine their children's rights to receive an appropriate education

From The Editor

Pride and prejudice



A Montreal man, the father of a friend, was on the telephone with a campaign worker who wanted him to take a lawn sign in support of a candidate in this week's school board elections. A new system of French- and English-speaking boards—replacing the old Catholic and Protestant division—gives Quebecers the option of registering to vote in elections for one of the two linguistic bodies. Since his children were educated in English, the man told the caller—speaking in French—he would register to vote for the English-language board. The campaign worker, whose candidate was running for the French language section, responded curtly: "That's very foolish. In a few years, there won't be any English school boards"—and hung up the phone. The Montrealer was hurt. He is a francophone Quebecer with roots going back through generations to the settlers on Les Iles-de-la-Madeleine, as pure as the wool gets.



Montreal: mean-spiritedness is not the norm

The June 14 vote was only the latest manifestation of the continuing war over language and culture that is being played out in Quebec. The mean-spiritedness of the exchange outlined above is not necessarily indicative of relations in Canada's most bilingual city, the town of my birth, where it is still possible for Anglos to lead their lives entirely in English—surrounded by their schools, their hospitals—in a sea of francophones who have learned their language. But the elections are a reminder of how the English minority has reasons for feeling embattled. At the start of the campaign, Quebec's separatist government ruled that everyone in the province would be deemed to be a voter for the French language boards unless they opted out. Curiously, many anglophones who did then discovered when they went to advance polls that their names were not on the voters' lists.

Such pettiness mars the understandable goal of maintaining the French language on the continent. The campaign is demeaned every time an arrogant campaign worker insults a fellow citizen, or a storm trooper in the language police swoops down on an unsuspecting shopkeeper. They are the kinds of stories, increasingly, that are landing Quebec on U.S. network television shows and in the pages of leading international newspapers.

Montrealers know that the bad publicity is hurting a great town. Indeed, that was a prime motivation behind the formation of Montreal International, a high-powered lobby group created by the federal and Quebec governments in 1996 to spread good tidings about the city as a place to invest.

During a visit to *Maclean's* last week, Montreal International chairman Francis Fox, the former Liberal cabinet minister, and his colleagues made it clear they are unhappy that other cities in Canada are spreading bad news about Montreal to compete for investment. At the same time, Montreal International is a coalition of people of various political stripes, from separatist to federalist. For that reason, the group does not deal effectively with the key question on everyone's mind—the political future and stability of Quebec.

For all the political turmoil, the Montrealers have a good story to tell: a stable, qualified workforce that speaks at least two languages, comparatively low property and office rental costs, rail and road connections to the United States and Mexico, flourishing aerospace, pharmaceutical and telecommunications industries, and an ambience and lifestyle that are the envy of most cities of the world. Now, if they could only get rid of that separatist thing.

Robert Lewis

Newsroom Notes:

Foth and the doctor



Fotheringham: medical leave

For the next few weeks, Allan Fotheringham's column will not be appearing on the back page, where it has become a reader favorite during the past 23 years. The reason: Dr. Foth is going into the hospital and then taking a leave to recover from surgery. Fotheringham has been given a diagnosis of prostate cancer. In the meantime, the man who put Foth on the back page in 1975, former editor Peter C. Newman, will be writing in that space until the Doctor has recovered. His fans—and no doubt even his targets—wish Foth well.

ABC, eh?

This week's cover examines the Canadian invasion of U.S. network television news, based on extensive reporting in New York City by columnist and media correspondent Anthony Wilson-Smith. He had two lengthy sessions with veteran ABC anchor Peter Jennings, an Ottawa native. Wilson-Smith also renewed old contacts with former colleagues previously based in Canada, including *Good Morning America* co-host Kevin Newman of Toronto.

Beware—controversy ahead

Next week, a *Maclean's* special issue will present The 100 Most Important Canadians in History.

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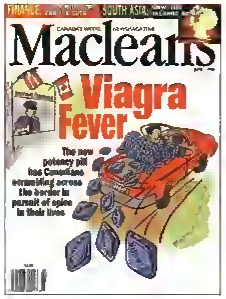
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The Mail

'Viagra falls'



In view of the mad rush into the United States to obtain the potency pill Viagra ("Viagra fever," Cover, June 8), perhaps one of the busiest crossovers to the States should be renamed Viagra Falls. On second thought, considering the purpose of this drug, this may not be an appropriate renaming after all.

Bob Ferguson, Winnipeg

Your cover article was extensively and tastefully done, apart from the trendy language, such as, "But Viagra has them beat for convenience." At the rate we're going these days, I suppose it's only a matter of time before the King James Version of the Bible gets the same treatment.

Catherine Draper Victoria

Taxing the brain

As a young scientist who has completed three university degrees and a postdoctoral fellowship, I have faced the wrenching personal question of where I will be best able to practise my profession. However, the question of taxes has never been an issue ("The tax wars," Canada, June 8). Employment opportunities are bleak in Canada but abound in the United States. While Canada continues to slash spending in basic and applied research, its crop of young, well-educated scientists has little choice but to leave this country. To blame high taxes relative to other OECD nations is simplistic and ignores the fact that Canada spends the least of the OECD nations on scientific research. Canadian science is at a crossroads, and the current crisis is having a devastating effect on the future of this country.

Peter S. Ross, Victoria

As a Canadian programmer working in the United States, I am curious about the claim of "much lower taxes" here. I am currently in the 40-per-cent tax bracket, not including what I pay in medical insurance. Medical insurance in the United States is very high, car insurance is three times as much as I paid in Canada, and there are high state fees for just about any type of government service. As for me, it is certainly not the "lower taxes," but what the U.S. tech industry offers me in expanding my career. With my education and experience, I am considered a very valuable commodity here in the United States. In Canada, I worked for a large company ($400 million plus in sales), and senior management decided that an information technology department was an unnecessary expense.

Gary Hominiuk, Palo Alto, Calif.

Adding the "brain drain" to the debate over the need for tax cuts is long overdue. What boggles my mind is the government's inability to see the short-term benefits of significantly reducing taxes and thereby retaining and attracting highly skilled people. Filling even a third of tens of thousands of high-tech openings in Canada would pump hundreds of millions, if not billions, of dollars into the economy. If our shortsighted, narrow-minded finance ministers are incapable of seeing the long-term negative effects, surely they're greedy enough to see the short-term benefits.

Terry Power, Vancouver

Laboratory payback

You have hit the nail on the head in that the provision of health-care services is a lucrative business whose dealings aren't necessarily always in the best interest of the public ("The battle for medicare cash," (Canada, June 1). In British Columbia, no laboratory can test patients without licences for bleeding stations, which the established private laboratories have. As your article points out, this essentially constitutes a monopoly. Since the current system creates monopolies that are funded with public monies, it is reasonable for provincial governments to document the costs incurred by the individual labs in performing tests and provide an individual fee schedule allowing the private lab a reasonable profit margin. This is the type of approach that has been taken in Australia, where private labs are paid on lower fee schedules than public labs. Another solution would be to make certain that the marketplace is equally accessible to anyone who is willing to provide a quality service.

Dr. Malcolm L. Brigden, Victoria

"The battle for medicare cash" falsely and misleadingly alleges that Dynacare Inc. engages in unethical, unfair and inappropriate business practices. For the 1997/1998 fiscal year, the Ontario government budgeted $415 million for diagnostic medical testing, while

Nuclear reaction

Kristen Ostling, of the Campaign for Nuclear Phaseout, notes that nuclear bombs can be made with plutonium, "a byproduct of the CANDU" ("Is Canada to blame?" World, June 8). This simplification overlooks the fact that so-called weapons-grade plutonium, the kind used in nuclear weapons (including India's), is radically different from "reactor-grade" plutonium, the kind found in spent power-reactor fuel like that generated at CANDU plants. Reactor-grade plutonium is highly inefficient as a bomb material, and no country has thus taken this route to weapons production. It is noteworthy that even India, with the world's second-largest fleet of heavy-water power reactors, and even being a non-signatory to the international Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, generated its weapons plutonium in a dedicated non-power reactor, like anyone else. An unattributed comment states that "Canada has also trained its CANDU partners in how to handle tritium produced by the reactors—a substance crucial to the development of thermonuclear weapons." This comment is quite misleading in that tritium is *not* a required component of thermonuclear weapons, or so-called hydrogen bombs. These weapons typically use a material called lithium deuteride, which internally creates a mixture of deuterium and tritium at the moment of detonation. This, combined with the fact that tritium is routinely generated around the world without the help of heavy-water power reactors like CANDU, makes Canadian technology insignificant to thermonuclear proliferation.

Jeremy Whitlock, Deep River, Ont.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
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the cost of tests performed was $485 million. The difference was billed back to laboratories on the basis of their market share, with the larger laboratories paying a larger portion. This led to Ontario's community-based laboratories being paid approximately 87 cents on each dollar billed. Through our industry association, the Ontario Association of Medical Laboratories, Dynacare worked closely with the ministry of health to develop a model that would eliminate all costs not directly related to the provisions of tests in Ontario, Reg. 2/98. Your article not only failed to properly explain the basis of the regulation, it also failed to mention that Dynacare Inc. and its competitors jointly developed this plan through the OAML. Any innuendo that it came as a favor to a friend of the current government is categorically false.

Harvey A. Shapiro
President and CEO, Dynacare Inc., Toronto

When a regulation makes companies return income on previous work to larger, less-efficient companies, we are seeing a dramatic change from the way Canada has worked in the past. When the OAML's board of directors was influenced by the two largest companies and moved against its members' unanimous vote not to allow this injustice, it shows that money has more influence than democracy. This action has put an end to small, efficient businesses and has thrown this government's loyalty to big money. I find it hard to believe that a $41,400 political donation would implement such an undemocratic change to our health system.

Paul Malone,
Clarksburg, Ont.

The fact that the government of Ontario can try to force a business to "pay back" what the government considers to be excess earnings, retroactive for three years, is appalling. And the fact that this was done by means of a government regulation, without debate, shows how dictatorial this government has become.

Ron Marcy,
Stratford, Ont.

The Road Ahead

Land of opportunity?

A wall sign in the immigration section of the Canadian Embassy in Rome says, in half a dozen different languages, that "we do not say it is easy, but as the future is there, it's worth trying." Slogans of this type, and the illusion of having a better life in Canada, attract tens of thousands of immigrants every year. But does Canada really give professional immigrants a better life than they had in their home countries or somewhere else? While there is officially no job discrimination in Canada, in practice, responses such as "You are overqualified," "You don't have Canadian experience," "You haven't taken any courses in Canada," or "We keep your résumé on file for six months" are typical of those professional immigrants receive when they apply for jobs.

Studies have shown that almost all employers decide whether to hire an applicant in the first few minutes of an interview, and that their decision depends on clothing, looks, accent, skin color, age and, in particular, the sex of the applicant. Many of the professional immigrants such as scientists, engineers, physicians, surgeons and teachers who immigrated to Canada with the hope that this country can benefit from their education, experience and expertise are working (if they are lucky) as taxi drivers, pizza deliverers, restaurant workers, security guards and so on.

In my own case, I have doctoral and master's degrees in physics from the University of London, England. I have 10 years' work experience in Europe as a researcher, database designer, Web master and technical writer. I am a fellow of international professional institutions, editor of two international scientific journals and author of more than 70 publications. And after five years in Canada, I am still unable to find work.

Darrush Azimi,
Orleans, Ont.

The Road Ahead invites readers to advance specific solutions to Canada's political, social and economic problems. Unpublished submissions may run condensed as regular letters or appear on an electronic bulletin board.

Female perspective

I think it's great that Olympic hockey player Hayley Wickenheiser will spend a week with the Philadelphia Flyers' prospects this summer ("A hockey heroine goes to boys camp," People, June 8). I also think her expectations—"a chance to improve my game"—are realistic. In the past two years, as a fortysomething goaltender, I've had a number of chances to play with and against good female players and their skill levels are surprisingly high, but female players are 50 to 60 lb. lighter and nowhere near as aggressive, physical, strong or fast as their male counterparts. Hayley will have a terrific time. I just hope the inevitable coverage of her week with the Flyers doesn't focus on whether she will ever play in the NHL. Recall the outlandish expectations of Manon Rheaume.

Bob Delaney
Mississauga, Ont.

Leonard's Suzanne

Suzanne of Leonard Cohen's song *Suzanne* was not his former wife, Suzanne Elrod but Suzanne Verdal, a dancer and friend from Montreal ("Chips off the old rock," Music, June 8). I hope Leonard's son Adam is as good a writer as his father.

Brian Curtis
Winnipeg

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Maclean's
WHAT MATTERS TO CANADIANS

Editorial Update

The 100 Most Important Canadians in History

This Canada Day Maclean's wants to add to the summer's heat by inciting a national debate How? By daring to answer the question "Who are the most important Canadians in history?"

With the help of the celebrated Canadian historian J L. Granatstein we selected 10 categories—activists, artists, stars, thinkers and writers, characters, discoverers and innovators, entrepreneurs heroes, nationbuilders and scientists Experts in each of these fields were asked to nominate their top "picks." Plus hundreds of Maclean's readers flooded the magazine with their own suggestions recommending the person who they believe had the greatest impact on the country From all these nominations, Professor Granatstein generated a list of 100 outstanding Canadians. And then the real work began selecting a finalist in each of the categories followed by the challenging task of picking *the* most important Canadian

The end result is an issue of remarkable individuals that will inform, entertain, surprise and possibly even outrage you—not to mention provide an engrossing record of courage and accomplishment to make Canadians proud Who are The 100 Most Important Canadians in History? End the suspense by picking up Maclean's special July 1 issue available on most newsstands on June 22

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- **University Rankings** — Our annual look at universities, plus a directory with links to university Web sites
- **Maclean's Forum** — A place to speak out on issues of the day

Becoming Digital

As we enter the 21st century, the trend to digitalization is accelerating From digital banking to digital photography from wireless telecommunications to smart cards used to feed the parking meter or pay bus fares, more and more Canadians are moving into a digital way of life Maclean's explores this new phenomenon in Becoming Digital, an exciting advertising supplement, in the June 15 issue, on newsstands June 8

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CANADA'S NEW NATIONAL DAILY NEWSPAPER

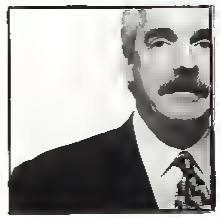
APPOINTMENT NOTICE



***DON BABICK,** President and Publisher of Southam inc.'s new national daily newspaper, is pleased to announce the following senior executive appointments to the publication.*



***GORDON FISHER** to the position of Assistant Publisher Mr Fisher is responsible for the day-to-day operations of the national daily and will continue in his current capacity as Vice-President, Editorial, Southam Inc. Mr. Fisher has held a number of senior editorial and executive positions with various Southam newspapers*



***RON CLARK** to the position of Senior Vice-President, Sales and Marketing Mr. Clark is responsible for building a national market for the new newspaper while continuing to serve as Vice-President, Sales, for Southam's and Hollinger's multi-market advertising and sales division. Mr Clark brings an unprecedented 26 years of newspaper advertising and sales to his current position.*



***KEN WHYTE** to Editor-in-chief. Mr Whyte is responsible for building the best editorial and reporting team in Canada for the new newspaper Mr. Whyte was most recently editor of Saturday Night magazine, where extensive gains in readership were made under his leadership*



***DENNIS SKULSKY** to Vice-President, Reader Sales Mr Skulsky is responsible for Toronto and National circulation strategy and execution, in addition to continuing in his role as Vice-President, Reader Sales and Service for the Southam Newspaper Group Mr. Skulsky has held numerous management positions with Southam since beginning his career with the Edmonton Journal*



***DAVID SWAIL** to Vice-President, Operations and Planning Mr. Swail is responsible for overall project management including finance, technology and business development for the new newspaper. With an extensive background in publishing, Mr. Swail has been involved with the new national daily since its initial planning stages*



***PAT BRENNAN** to Vice-President, Manufacturing Mr Brennan is responsible for all aspects of printing including electronic transmission, quality control and overall production functions and issues Since 1975, Mr Brennan has held various manufacturing positions with the Ottawa Citizen where he was responsible for the newspaper's move to full electronic pagination.*

Appearing this fall, Canada's first truly national daily newspaper will appeal to Canadians from coast-to-coast with a confident new voice. Presented in a bold and engaging format, the newspaper will offer a fresh, intelligent and lively view of Canada and the rest of the world. Southam Inc. is Canada's leading newspaper publisher.





Column



Barbara Amiel

Lingering questions about a musical giant

All sorts of controversies swirl about us. Some years ago, historians were preoccupied with a dispute as to whether or not Hitler was influenced in his genocidal policies by Stalin's stirring example in the 1930s of do-it-yourself, man-made famines. These days, musicologists are once more fighting about Dmitry Shostakovich.

Shostakovich (1906-1975) was a highly talented Russian composer. Alternately banned and praised by Stalin, he died a natural death with a large number of official Soviet medals pinned to his chest. Four years after his death, his smuggled memoirs, as related to and compiled by Solomon Volkov, a Soviet Jew, defector and editor of a Soviet music magazine, were published in the United States under the title *Testimony*. According to the memoirs, Shostakovich detested communism, filled his music with coded insults to Stalin and risked his life to help friends.

The KGB claimed the book was a fraud and some Western critics agreed. The notion that Shostakovich was a dissident, coded or not, was questioned. He had virtually been the official face of Soviet communism long after Stalin died and had never denounced him. He had disavowed dissidents like Andrei Sakhacov, and when it became relatively safe to speak out, Shostakovich became even more conservative.

Now, a new book, *Shostakovich Reconsidered*, by musicologist Allan Ho and Dmitry Feofanov, a lawyer and pianist, analyzes the evidence of both sides and comes down firmly on the side of Shostakovich as hero. The academics supporting Shostakovich as a closet dissident, for example, cite his daring, in a climate of anti-Semitism, in composing *From Jewish Folk Poetry*, a song cycle based on Jewish melodies. Those debunking this say that the piece was completed in August, 1948, one month *before* Stalin's anti-Semitic policies were proclaimed. This was when *Pravda* was praising the "policy of equality and mutual respect among the ethnic cultures of the country's constituent minorities." Soviet multiculturalism needed the depiction of happy folk in national costume, and Shostakovich, according to his critics, filled his quota by writing this piece. "It was his rotten luck [not an act of heroism]," declares one of his fiercest critics, writer Fay Laurel, in a 1996 essay, "that of all the available nationalities, great and small, he just happened to pick the wrong 'folk' as his inspiration."

The battle over this point has been ferocious among academics, but both sides are probably right. There is nothing mutually exclusive about the same person at the same time being (1) an inner dissident, (2) wanting to satisfy the Politburo, (3) knowing Jews were persecuted by the Communists, and (4) writing a piece of music about Jews to please the Communists. And further, (5), having had the "rotten luck" to pick the wrong group, turning that accidental act into a deliberate act of heroism in his own mind.

Only those with no feel for the Kafkaesque nightmare of Stalinism could possibly believe that only one of these explanations is true. It is normal for people even less gifted than Shostakovich to have contradictory impulses. In dealing with tyranny, one has to make a number of mental adjustments to cope with terror. They may include the need to believe that everything is all right or that one is secretly fighting bad things. In addition, Shostakovich probably shared with most of his generation the notion that communism was a noble idea that had been distorted in practice.

When you live in a tyranny, you can survive if you don't make waves. But if you turn out to be a great airplane designer—or composer—you will have to become a vocal supporter of the regime. It is expected of you. Refuse, and at best you'll never hear your music performed. At worst, you and your family will be put into the gulag, or killed. To be one of the leading musicians in the Soviet Union and not take an active role in political life would be a contradiction in terms.

> Shostakovich may, or may not, have been a closet Soviet dissident, but we are not in a position to pass moral judgment

Shostakovich, as revealed in *Testimony*, shows his fear on virtually every page. His rivetting anecdotes demonstrate how unpredictable—except in his cruelty—Stalin could be. Myself, I don't believe Shostakovich was a closet dissident. The great cellist Mstislav (Slava) Rostropovich believes he was, and explains how Shostakovich made sarcastic allusions to Stalin in his *First Cello Concerto*. "These allusions," says Rostropovich in Elizabeth Wilson's book *Shostakovich: A Life Remembered*, "are camouflaged so craftily that even I did not notice them to begin with. I doubt if I would have detected [them] if Dmitry hadn't pointed it out to me." If Slava couldn't hear the tune, I'd say it wasn't there!

Alexander Solzhenitsyn was disdainful of Shostakovich. In *The Gulag Archipelago*, he writes that if Shostakovich had wanted to parody Stalin's favorite tunes in the *Cello Concerto*, he should have come to the camps to hear the *zeks* whistle them. I would never deny Solzhenitsyn the right to be disdainful of the ambiguity and the yielding to fear and ambition that makes Shostakovich at best a carefully coded resister to Stalin. Solzhenitsyn is entitled to vent his disdain—he has earned that right—but I have not.

Nor, I think, have Western academics or writers. Think what we have done in order to get a little advantage—a Canada Council grant, a place on an arts committee, jury or government body, to be invited to this or that dinner, or get an Order of Canada. We have compromised principles, kept quiet or changed the tone of our voice to please. Who are we to criticize a Kurt Waldheim or a Dmitry Shostakovich for not standing up to Hitler or Stalin when we have gone to pieces for such little carrots? That, I suppose, is why I have written this column.

Opening NOTES

Edited by TANYA DAVIES

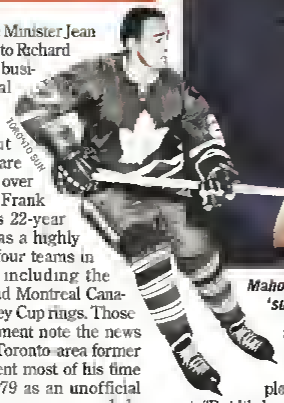


Finally, respect on the Internet

Often vilified during their lives, and not exactly canonized in death, former prime ministers Richard Bedford (R.B.) Bennett (1930-1935) and John Diefenbaker (1957-1963) are finally getting respect on the Internet. In early June, Ottawa communications and management consultant Peter O'Malley, 48, created The Viscount Bennett Anti Disinterment Page (*www.omalco.com/bennett-rip.htm*). It argues against New Brunswick MLA Harry Doyle's proposal to have the remains of Bennett removed from an English churchyard and transported to Bennett's native New Brunswick for reburial. Bitter at Depression-weary voters' rejection of him in 1935, Bennett retired to England four years later and died there in 1947. He is the only prime minister not buried on Canadian soil. O'Malley's site has so far received 300 hits and a dozen e-mails, including two from Bennett relatives—one supportive and the other undecided.

Twenty-year-old Glen Gower, a Carleton University journalism student, created his laudatory Diefenbaker site (*http://diefenbaker.ottawa.com/*) two years ago. Cyber-surfers who visit—7,000 have so far—find themselves on a virtual tour of the life and legacy of Canada's 13th prime minister, who died in 1979. One hundred people have posted their views on the Chief, some damning him for his foreign policy, and others calling him a great Canadian patriot.

CAPITAL CONFIDENTIAL


TORONTO SUN


THOMAS KOVACHREUTERS

Mahovlich: playing in 1966: 'surprise' at Senate posting

It is obvious why Prime Minister Jean Chrétien felt indebted to Richard Kroft, the Winnipeg businessman and Liberal fund-raiser who was one of five new Senators named last week. But many Ottawa insiders are scratching their heads over hockey Hall of Famer Frank Mahovlich. During his 22-year career, the "Big M" was a highly skilled left-winger for four teams in professional hockey, including the Toronto Maple Leafs and Montreal Canadiens, and won six Stanley Cup rings. Those questioning his appointment note the news release that shows the Toronto-area former athlete, now 60, has spent most of his time since retirement in 1979 as an unofficial hockey ambassador. A minor accomplishment compared with those of the others named last week: former United Church moderator Dr. Lois Wilson, Nova Scotia black community activist Calvin Ruck and Ontario charity organizer Marian Maloney.

Mahovlich's main political connection is his wife, Marie, who in 1996 worked with Canada's ambassador to the United States—the PM's nephew Raymond Chrétien—while organizing a hockey art exhibit at the Washington embassy. The soft-spoken Mahovlich does not deny that his wife played a role in his appointment. "But it's been a surprise," he says.

The five have joined the Senate (base salary $64,000 a year) just in time for new attendance rules. The fine for missing a sitting has increased from $120 to $250, but senators still can miss 21 days without penalty. They must now get a doctor's certificate if they miss more than six days for medical reasons. Senators absent on business must provide details. The new rules, however, say nothing about going AWOL to watch a hockey game.

DOUBLE TAKE

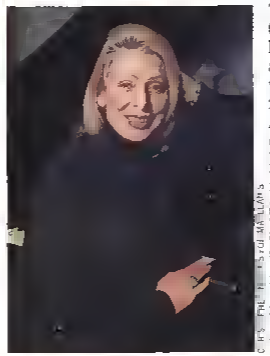
Patsy Gallant


PHOTOMARKET/PHOTOPRESSE

She may not be the queen of the dance clubs anymore, but former Canadian disco diva Patsy Gallant is still belting out songs—only now from stages throughout francophone Europe. For the past five years, the Acadian singer, best known for her 1976 hit, *From New York to L.A.*, has appeared in 900 performances of the hit rock opera *Starmania*, co-written by Quebecois writer Luc Plamondon. And the 49-year-old has signed on to play the role of troubled sex symbol Stella Spotlight, one of the show's leads, for another year. "The hardest thing is touring," says Gallant, who lives in a Paris apartment with her 12-year-old son, Jason, when she isn't on the road.

Back in the heyday of disco, the bilingual native of Campbellton, N.B., released 20 albums in English and French, and she hosted a CTV variety show in the late '70s. She won three Juno Awards—including best female vocalist in 1976 and 1977—*From New York to L.A.* is a disco version of Gilles Vigneault's Quebec anthem *Mon Pays*. It irked some francophones but got widespread play in English Canada and went gold, selling more than 75,000 copies. "I try not to look back," says Gallant, who hasn't made an album since 1985. But with the current vogue for things Seventies, *From New York to L.A.* is enjoying a second wind. For the past year, Gallant's disco ditty has been getting steady play in Paris nightclubs, and a remixed version of the single vaulted onto the Australian dance charts last year. "That song will never leave me," says Gallant. From *Starmania* back to disco-mania.

Gallant now and in 1979 (above): disco hit has been rediscovered


© PHIL TOLEDO/REUTERS/ARCHIVE PHOTOS

BEST-SELLERS

FICTION

1. **A Widow for One Year,** *John Irving (1)*
2. **Black and Blue,** *Anna Quindlen (9)*
3. **Damascus Gate,** *Robert Stone (6)*
4. **The Eleventh Commandment,** *Jeffrey Archer*
5. **Cities of the Plain,** *Cormac McCarthy (2)*
6. **Girlfriend in a Coma,** *Douglas Coupland (5)*
7. **The Street Lawyer,** *John Grisham (3)*
8. **Larry's Party,** *Carol Shields (4)*
9. **Ghost Country,** *Sara Paretsky (6)*
10. **Pandora,** *Anne Rice (10)*

NONFICTION

1. **The Gifts of the Jews,** *Thomas Cahill (3)*
2. **A Walk in the Woods,** *Bill Bryson (10)*
3. **Simple Abundance,** *Sarah Ban Breathnach (5)*
4. **Angela's Ashes,** *Frank McCourt (2)*
5. **Who Killed Canadian History?,** *Jack Granatstein (8)*
6. **Understanding Men's Passages,** *Gail Sheehy (1)*
7. **Titan: The Life of John D. Rockefeller Sr.,** *Ron Chernow (4)*
8. **The Man Who Listens to Horses,** *Monty Roberts (7)*
9. **The Life of Thomas More,** *Peter Ackroyd*
10. **The Millionaire Next Door,** *Thomas Stanley and William Danko (9)*

() Position last week

Compiled by Brian Bethune

A modern twist on paradise lost

A former gardener for the New York City parks department and cantor at a synagogue, U.S. author Evan Eisenberg brings a unique perspective to the relationship between man and nature in *The Ecology of Eden*. Weaving together theology, philosophy and science, Eisenberg discusses the futile attempts by ecologists to bring back paradise.



EMPORIUM

Percentage increase between 1992 and 1997 in the number of computer programming and systems analyst jobs, according to Statistics Canada: 92

Average hours worked per week by programmers in 1997: 38.8

Percentage of respondents to a *Mr.Showbiz* poll who couldn't care less that Ginger left the Spice Girls: 75.8

Percentage who answered 'Ginger who?': 12.4

GOLDFARB POLL

With Mother's Day last month and Father's Day on June 21, many people have been feeling compelled to spend time with their parents. Canadians aged 50 to 64 are most likely to wish they could spend less time with their elders. The percentage of Canadians with living parents who

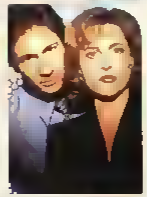
	Total	Under age 25	25-30	35-49	50-64	65+
Wish they could spend more time with parents	18	19	19	16	18	13
Wish they could spend less time	34	21	35	38	43	19
Feel they spend the right amount	46	57	45	44	37	61

Data collected in January 1998

Goldfarb Consultants Limited

POP MOVIES

An X-rated feature



For five years, *The X-Files* has entertained viewers with paranormal- and conspiracy-laden plotlines, always promising "the truth is out there." In the feature film *The X-Files*, the truth is finally revealed, as FBI special agents Mulder (David Duchovny) and Scully (Gillian Anderson) battle aliens and corrupt governments to save the world.

Top movies in Canada, ranked according to box-office receipts during the seven days that ended on June 11 (in brackets, numbers of screens/weeks showing)

1	The Truman Show *(147/1)*	$3 609 230
2	A Perfect Murder *(169/1)*	$1 813,640
3	Godzilla *(208/4)*	$999 860
4	Hope Floats *(147/2)*	$707 620
5	Deep Impact *(144/5)*	$665,450
6	The Horse Whisperer *(155/4)*	$633,790
7	Titanic *(71/25)*	$219 040
8	Bulworth *(85/3)*	$157 150
9	Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas *(81/3)*	$145 740
10	Almost Heroes *(133/2)*	$99,480

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Passages


CHRISTOPHER MORRIS

RECOVERING: Author **Mordecai Richler**, 67, from kidney surgery, in Montreal. Richler had to cancel an appearance in Orillia, Ont., where he was to receive the Stephen Leacock Memorial Medal for Humor for his book *Barney's Version*. Richler would not divulge the exact nature of his surgery.

DIED: Prolific British author Dame **Catherine Cookson**, 91; in Newcastle, England. Cookson wrote more than 90 novels, which have been translated into 17 languages, with international sales exceeding 100 million copies.

DIED: Actress **Jeanette Nolan**, 86, of a stroke, in Los Angeles. Nolan's career in film, television and stage spanned seven decades. Her last role was in **Robert Redford**'s latest acting-directorial outing, *The Horse Whisperer*.

DIED: Singer **Steve Sanders**, 45, of the country band **The Oak Ridge Boys**, of a self-inflicted gunshot wound, at his home in Cape Coral, Fla.

DIED: Self-help book pioneer **Leo Buscaglia**, 74, of a heart attack, at his home in Lake Tahoe, Nev. Buscaglia's books, including *Loving Each Other*, sold more than 11 million copies.

DIED: Former *Daily Mail* editor Sir **David English**, 67, of a stroke, in London.

WON: Six Tony Awards, by the Broadway show *The Lion King*, in New York City. The six included best musical and best musical direction. The Canadian-produced *Ragtime* won four awards, as did *Cabaret* and *The Beauty Queen*.

SENTENCED: The largest single-ticket lottery winner in Canadian history **Bernie Nauss**, 60, for cultivating and possessing marijuana for the purpose of trafficking, in London, Ont. Nauss, who won $22.5 million last March with his wife, **Krista**, 35, pleaded guilty and was fined $25,000 and sentenced to 120 hours of community service.

AWARDED: The new W.O. Mitchell Literary Prize, to Toronto author and poet **Barry Callaghan**, 60; in Calgary. The $15,000 prize, honoring the late author, will be awarded annually.

The race begins

BY JOHN DeMONT and JOHN GEDDES

The backroom boy is in. So is the dark horse. As expected, Hugh Segal, the consummate Tory fixer, announced his run for the federal party leadership last week, followed in short order by Brian Pallister, the former Manitoba cabinet minister. Now the wait is on for the safe-money candidate—former prime minister Joe Clark. While Clark has not yet formally declared his intention to return to active politics, he looked like a man on the campaign trail last Wednesday when he sat down for a private breakfast in the Parliament Hill cafeteria with 14 of the party's 19 MPs. That turnout is expected to convert into overwhelming caucus support if, as expected, Clark launches an official leadership bid within the next few weeks. "Clark," gushed rookie Nova Scotia MP Scott Brison, recently touted as a leadership contender himself, "can take us to 24 Sussex."

The support from Conservative insiders that has made Clark the early favorite in the run-up to the fall vote is hardly Joe-mania. "He is very respected," allowed Paul Barnes, a Tory youth activist from Brison's home turf in Nova Scotia, "especially among my parents' generation." And there is Clark's image problem. Party loyalists pay homage to the way he rebounded from his disastrously short 259 day prime ministerial stint in 1979-1980 to achieve stature as a long-serving external affairs minister, constitutional affairs minister and Tory elder statesman. But even they cannot always muster much enthusiasm for a man indelibly marked by his failure two decades ago to maintain power.

However, as Clark's supporters are quick to point out, at least Canadians remember him. And for a party fighting for its very existence, Clark's may be the only marquee name in the race, giving him instant appeal. A poll conducted last month by Pollara Strategic Public Opinion and Market Research Inc., the federal Liberal pollster, reported that 45 per cent of Canadians would be more likely to vote for the Tories with Clark as leader, compared with just 18 per cent who would favor a Segal-led party. (Pallister's name was not on the survey.) Those numbers bolster the argument of some Tory insiders who say their party does not have time to build the credibility of a lesser-known leader. Fifth-place finishers in last June's general election, the Tories drew 18 per cent of respondents' support in a Gallup Poll released last month. Although that put them barely ahead of Reform (12 per cent), the Bloc Quebecois (nine per cent) and the NDP (seven per cent), they remain well behind the Liberals' 58 per cent. "The caucus," said one senior Tory strategist, "is looking at Joe's proven experience, visibility and name recognition."





Clark, Pallister with wife Esther and daughter Quinn (below): a Tory elder statesman who has yet to declare and a staunch fiscal conservative who could be the dark horse

The campaign to lead the Tories finally has some candidates

While Segal may lack Clark's profile, he is widely conceded to have a slicker, better-funded campaign machine—at least at the outset. And as a familiar TV political pundit, he is hardly an unknown. The trick will be to use that media savvy to create the very different aura that must surround a national leader. Making the transition from the backrooms to the bright lights will not be easy. In a 30-year political career, Segal has worked for revered Tory figures like former Ontario premier Bill Davis and Robert Stanfield, leader of the federal party from 1967 to 1976. But he also served as Brian Mulroney's chief of staff for 20 months—an association that may haunt his campaign. His strategy for carving out a persona of his own is to position himself as the centrist choice—with policies favoring tax cuts and defence spending hikes that should put him slightly to the right of Clark, but just to the left of the more populist, right-leaning Pallister. "That's where the vast majority of Conservatives and Canadians are," Segal told *Maclean's*.



JOHN LEHMANN/CANAPRESS

Segal declaring his candidacy: positioning himself in the centre

Segal, an avuncular 47-year-old who carries the sobriquet "Happy Warrior," talks like a man with the energy and patience to spend years restoring the once-proud party to its old status as a government-in-waiting—or even a government in fact. But that sort of staying power may not be what the party is looking for. Clark's appeal to some Tories is that he would bring guaranteed respectability in the next election—and then perhaps step aside so that a fresher face in the Conservative caucus could slip into the driver's seat. Whether Clark, who declined to talk to *Maclean's*, would be willing to take on the job with such limited aims is far from clear. Now 59, he may have ambitions that stop nowhere short of the Prime Minister's Office. But his friends wince at the prospect of another embarrassment for a man who has endured more than his share. "Maybe, maybe he can become leader of the opposition," said one worried friend. "Then they will have a leadership review and throw him out."

The most pressing issue for a new Tory leader: how to position the party to get the upper hand over Reform in the fight for the political right. Reform Leader Preston Manning has grabbed the initiative by announcing his plan to hold a "united alternative" assembly next fall to try to bring Canadian conservatives together. Segal bluntly dismisses the notion of a Reform-led alliance. "I think a growing number of Reformers understand they cannot form a government," he says. "I am encouraging them, whether they are for me or against me, to join the Conservative party." Clark has yet to make a definitive statement on the "unite the right" concept, but his Red Tory reputation and long-standing personal rivalry in Alberta with Manning seem to rule out his leading the Tories into any sort of merger.

Enter Pallister, 43, a six foot, eight-inch former Brandon University basketball star and government services minister in Gary Filmon's provincial government. Pallister built his modest reputation as a staunch fiscal conservative largely by spearheading balanced-budget legislation in Manitoba that would dock the pay of cabinet ministers by 20 per cent if they failed to balance the books in any given year—a policy he proposes duplicating in Ottawa. That sort of populist bent makes him a natural magnet for conservative-minded western voters who supported Reform in 1993 and 1997. Even better, he combines that policy track record with classic Prairie roots: he grew up on a half section mixed farm in rural Manitoba—near Portage la Prairie, where he still lives. Pallister has not risked spelling out an overt strategy for combining forces with Reform. Still, of the three candidates, he sounds the most willing to discuss that prospect. "The best unions or coalitions or marriages are mutually agreeable relationships for long-term benefit," Pallister told *Maclean's* last week. "That is what I would hope to establish, with the PC party as its base."

With a new leadership selection process in place, rank-and-file Tories are being courted as never before. On Oct. 24, all card-carrying Tories can vote in their constituencies. With each of the 301 ridings allocated 100 votes, the results will then be divided proportionately among the candidates. For instance, if Clark gets half the votes in a riding and Segal one-quarter, they will be awarded 50 votes and 25 votes, respectively, in the national tally. If no candidate gets more than 50 per cent overall, a run-off vote will be held on Nov. 14. The voting system means that the leadership camps must try to reach and hold the loyalty of thousands of Tories across the country. "This is retail politics," says Segal. "It is not a tea party."

Venturing into these new uncharted waters has left even the most seasoned Tory campaigners hesitant to predict the outcome. For now, nothing—not even the list of candidates—seems certain. Some Tories think that at least one sitting MP should enter the race, if only to boost the profile of the largely unknown caucus (New Brunswick MP Jean Dubé says he has not ruled out a long-shot candidacy). But in last year's election, even the charismatic Jean Charest could not carry the party higher than fifth place in a fragmented House of Commons. If anything—with Reform on the offensive—the stakes may be higher now. The question is, would Clark's leadership represent the restoration of the best traditions of a historic party—or the last backward glance of a fading political force? □

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Maclean's
WHAT MATTERS TO CANADIANS

Bruce Wallace



All in the Grit family

One of Jean Charest's private fears about leaving federal politics for the Quebec Liberal leadership was the prospect of contending with the provincial party's notorious family feuds. All political parties have factions, of course, with the intrigue, backstabbing and bellyaching that goes with them. Charest's old Tory mates were masters at it themselves. But as a coalition of federalists rather than a party grouped around a set of economic or social principles, Quebec Liberals have an almost genetic disposition towards turning on their own. A more creative party might try to dress up its differences as a "rainbow coalition." With the Quebec Liberals, the colors always clash.

So it is not surprising that, just six weeks into his leadership, some Liberals have begun muttering about Charest's style. The man who bills himself as the *"rassembleur,"* a builder of bridges, was excluding people, they alleged. He was trampling over long-time party activists and—perhaps most unforgivable, given the egg-shell egos involved—*not returning calls.* The whispers suggested that one primary mistake in judgment could stain someone beyond salvation with the Charest team: the crime of having associated with Jean Chrétien's Liberals, still the Great Satan to Quebec's political class. Any Quebec Liberal with links to the Ottawa gang could forget about a role on Charest's team, it is said. And woe to anyone ever heard to mention that Stephane Dion's hardline arguments towards Quebec independence just might make some sense.

Charest brings some of the grumbling upon himself. While his laser-like eye contact makes him superb in one-on-one meetings, he has never been known to enjoy those "spontaneous" telephone calls to stroke the party faithful. In his Ottawa days, many Tories complained they never heard from Charest, and 10 years of Brian Mulroney's own telephone addiction had left them accustomed to calls from their leader. It was not unusual for a Prince Edward Island organizer, say, to answer his phone on a Sunday night and hear the prime ministerial baritone asking how the Island's poll numbers were looking. Quebec Liberals were used to being similarly nurtured by Robert Bourassa. And even Daniel Johnson, widely reputed to be cold and remote, had a reputation in his party as one of the boys.

But complaints that Charest was cutting off anyone with links to Chrétien were as predictable as they were wrong. Charest may not like Jean Chrétien and his entourage, may not even trust them. But he knows open warfare would be suicidal. While in Ottawa, he watched their disdainful treatment of Johnson with horror, even calling Quebec cabinet ministers on occasion to complain that their tactics were undermining the federalist cause. Charest knows his challenge is to show Quebecers that Canadian federalism, as imperfect as it is, still benefits Quebec. For that, he needs Chrétien.

The links between Quebec and Ottawa Liberals are not being severed, just replaced. One key connection runs from Jean Bazin, a Quebec Tory and a Charest intimate, to Chrétien's senior adviser Eddie Goldenberg. And the message from Ottawa to Charest has been an unequivocal "you have nothing to fear from us." Like Roosevelt and Stalin, the two leaders may not agree on much but they do know they share a common enemy.

> **Jean Charest's Quebec Liberals will forget their backstabbing when the election call comes**

The other complaints from Quebec Liberals are equally shallow. Trouble grafting Charest's Conservative organizers onto the existing (and shaky) Liberal machine? Hardly shocking. The two groups were slugging away at each other in a federal election just a year ago. Not all of the suddenly rejuvenated Liberals have been given a role worthy of their self-esteem? Only to be expected given the sheer number who have come out from hiding in the tall grass where they were waiting out the dismal Johnson days.

These are happy problems. Too many hopeful candidates and organizers are a sign of *health.* Lucien Bouchard certainly knows that, even if some Quebec Liberals in their churlishness do not. Bouchard and Charest are gearing up for an entertaining, high-stakes duel. An election is still expected this fall, and should give the political class all the intrigue it can handle. The current bout of nitpicking will then be long forgotten, dismissed for the fussiness that it is.

Canada NOTES

THE GUESS TRIAL

In Victoria, lawyer Peter Ritchie wrapped up his defence of Gillian Guess by calling his co-counsel, Marilyn Sandford, to the stand. Guess is accused of obstructing justice by allegedly having an affair with murder suspect Peter Gill while she was one of his jurors—and trying to influence the rest of the jury. Sandford said the judge in Gill's 1995 trial never explicitly warned the jury not to associate with the accused. Guess's case was to go to the jury this week.

LOGGING CONUNDRUM

New Brunswick and the Tobique First Nation reached a harvesting agreement that will give Tobique loggers access to five per cent of the province's Crown land. Some natives accused the government of trying to divide and conquer aboriginals—as other chiefs rejected a similar offer. In April, the New Brunswick Court of Appeal overturned lower court rulings that said natives have a treaty right to harvest timber from Crown land, leading to a standoff between the province and aboriginals.

LAST DECLARATION

Nova Scotia became the last province outside Quebec to adopt the Calgary declaration, which recognizes Quebec's unique character and affirms that all provinces are equal. But Quebec Premier Lucien Bouchard said the initiative is dead because it fails to recognize Quebecers as a people. Saskatchewan's Roy Romanow said the declaration is only a first step and more talks are possible.

THE PLASTIMET AFFAIR

In July, 1997, Hamilton residents watched with alarm as 400 tonnes of plastics at Plastimet Inc. burned over a four-day period. Last week, Plastimet owner Jack Lieberman and Frank Levy, who owns the property, were ordered to perform 50 hours of community service and pay $270,000 for environmental infractions. Community activists said the sentence was too lenient.

MARITIME BLAST

An explosion at the Irving oil refinery in Saint John, N.B., killed one man and injured two others. The investigation into the blast is expected to take several weeks. The explosion increased safety concerns at a time when Irving is planning an expansion of the facility.

Devastation in Old Montreal



ROBERTS NADON/LA PRESSE

Surveying the ruined soup kitchen: three dead

The explosion tore through the Accueil Bonneau soup kitchen for the homeless in historic Old Montreal less than an hour after the lunchtime rush. Even so, the blast—ignited after a contractor accidentally ruptured a gas line—killed three people and injured 17 others when it levelled most of the building. "My wife and I ran in, pulled out bodies, started a human chain helping people walk out and even carrying people out on table tops," said American tourist Arthur Davis, who was one of the first to rush to the scene.

Among the dead was volunteer Marie Lavallee, 64, crushed beneath a collapsed ceiling. "I held her hand for about 20 minutes," fire captain Alain St. Pierre said. "She spoke very clearly. She said she was in pain, but she was all right." Firefighters hurried to dig her out—but it was too late. "The last thing she said to us was, 'Go get others—I'm leaving,'" St. Pierre said. Also killed were Sister Claire Ménard, 76, a member of the Grey Nuns order, which has run the aid facility for over 100 years, and part-time employee Céline Corriveau, 44. At the time of the blast, both Ménard and Lavallée had gone to rummage through the centre's collection of shoes for a homeless man who had just arrived.

With the Accueil Bonneau in ruins, other homeless centres promised to provide extra meals. Quebec Premier Lucien Bouchard, meanwhile, said the provincial government would hold an inquiry into the explosion.

POLITICS

Election reforms

For 25 years, election financing bills in Ontario have been tabled with all-party consensus. But Ontario Premier Mike Harris tossed aside that tradition and introduced his own legislation last week. The opposition Liberals and New Democrats are spitting mad at the affront, although in some respects they have only themselves to blame: at least some of the proposed changes flow from the all-party Commission on Election Finances. However, the Harris Conservatives are adding their unique spin to the rules. The minimum campaign period would be reduced to 28 days from 37. It is 36 days for federal elections. Party spending limits will increase a third to $1.56 a voter, far more than Ottawa's $1. The biggest wrinkle: party research, polling and travel costs would be exempt from the spending limits, which means the parties could put more money, if they have it—and the Tories do—into advertising.

Taking another hit

The issue of sexual abuse continued to haunt the military. In an emotionally charged news conference organized by Reform party defence critic Art Hanger, Ann Margaret Dickey said she had been repeatedly raped and assaulted as a recruit during basic training at CFB St-Jean in Quebec in 1996. Dickey tearfully told reporters that two soldiers had raped her on her first night at the base—and then sexually assaulted her again over the next three nights. She tried to report the incidents, she said, but was told by superior officers that sexual assault "was a fact of life in the military—and if you're not a slut, you're in the wrong job." Although she had contacted Defence Minister Art Eggleton and his two predecessors about her case, she said, all she was told was "this is not a military problem, this is your problem. You handle it."

Eggleton told reporters last week that the allegations were being looked into—but the investigation had dragged because Dickey kept changing her story. "She has brought different information at different times to the authorities, either revised or new information on an ongoing basis," he said. In fact, a statement given by Dickey to military police last September described physical abuse—but no repeated rapes. At her news conference, Dickey said police told her not to include some details of what she had suffered in her statement.



Serbian police on an armored personnel carrier horrifyingly familiar

© REUTERS/STRINGER

World

Another Bosnia?

NATO threatens military action in Kosovo

The narrow streets of Decani's old quarter are empty, except for a few blue-uniformed Serbian police hunkered down behind sandbagged checkpoints. They occupy the charred ruins of a Kosovo town where just a few weeks ago 20,000 ethnic Albanians lived and worked. The ghostly silence is broken by the wailing of livestock, abandoned when the townsfolk fled a Serbian onslaught. At the village mosque, torn copies of the Koran lie scattered among shards of glass from smashed windows. Several hundred men are unaccounted for, and activists in Pristina, Kosovo's capital, fear many have been executed. Some 300 Kosovo civilians have been confirmed killed in the three months since Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic began an assault against separatist rebels in Serbia's southern province, where 90 per cent of the population is ethnic Albanian. Most of Decani's survivors trudged over the mountains to neighboring Albania to share the uncertain fate of 60,000 Kosovo refugees sheltering inside and outside the country. Standing under an umbrella in Decani last week, Richard Miles, the senior American diplomat in Belgrade, surveyed the carnage. The international community, he said, must not let Kosovo become another Bosnia.

That sentiment was uppermost in the minds of NATO leaders as they ordered a full air exercise over Albania and the former Yugoslav republic of Macedonia, beginning as early as this week. Western powers hope to show a recalcitrant Milosevic that after three months of pressing him diplomatically to find a political solution, they are prepared to follow up with military force. Canadian Forces were readying six CF-18 fighter planes from Baggotville, Que., pending cabinet approval on Tuesday. Last year, six CF-18s and 111 military personnel served at the Aviano air base in Italy to help NATO monitor operations in Bosnia. Defence Minister Art Eggleton signalled that Canada is again ready to support whatever the alliance deems necessary.

At a meeting in Brussels on Thursday, NATO defence ministers said they were drawing up plans that include air strikes against selected targets throughout federal Yugoslavia—including northern Serbia—and the use of ground forces. In London a day later, Group of Seven ministers debated political action they hoped could stave off the military option. Foreign Affairs Minister Lloyd Axworthy announced an immediate freeze of Canadian investment in Yugoslavia and on Yugoslav assets in Canada, a measure a group of Western nations had approved in March and then suspended until last week. "It is now obvious," said Axworthy, "that President Milosevic has chosen confrontation rather than negotiation."

The destruction of Decani and other towns seemed only too horrifyingly familiar. The looting by police, the exodus of women, children and the elderly, the disappearance of men of fighting age—all brought back bitter memories of Serbian "ethnic cleansing" of Muslims during Bosnia's civil war. Then, it took a divided and hesitant West more than three years before NATO's intervention brought an end to the conflict in 1995. Nobody wants to repeat that record. Yet diplomats on the ground and observers abroad believe any immediate major military action in Kosovo remains unlikely. Kosovo, after all, is recognized by the West as a legal part of Serbia, which along with Montenegro makes up what is left of Yugoslavia. "At least Bosnia was recognized as an independent state, and we know how much resistance there was to intervention in Bosnia," says Gordana Knezevic, a former deputy editor-in-chief at the Sarajevo daily *Oslobodjenje* (Liberation) who now lives in Toronto. NATO would probably have to commit to an indefinite mission to keep peace between Kosovo's two ethnic communities—just as in Bosnia.





Refugees in Albania: unable to return to homes destroyed in the anti-separatist onslaught

Western officials also fear that the conflict would engulf Albania and Macedonia, which has a large Albanian minority, if they support the Kosovo Liberation Army's violent quest for secession. Instead, they have backed the moderate ethnic Albanian leader Ibrahim Rugova—nicknamed Gandhi—who has pressed peacefully for self-government for Kosovo's two million people. "The trick is to stop Milosevic but not hand over control of Kosovo to the KLA," one Western ambassador explained. So far, that even-handed policy has failed to persuade Milosevic to reinstate the broad autonomy the province enjoyed until he ended it in 1989. In ex-editor Knezevic's view, Milosevic has turned his sights on Kosovo to divert attention from Serbia's poor economy and his waning popularity. "By starting another war," says Knezevic, "he keeps people from going into the streets against him."

Milosevic's behavior has followed a familiar pattern. As Western pressure increased this spring, Milosevic held his first-ever meeting with Rugova. But in recent weeks, with international attention focused elsewhere, Serbian jets, helicopters and tanks have conducted a virtual scorched-earth campaign to secure the border area—which the KLA uses to smuggle in weapons and newly trained fighters—and effectively prevent ethnic Albanians from returning to their homes. Now, what little talk there was of a political solution has evaporated. "Negotiations would have no meaning," said Fehmi Agani, a senior adviser to Rugova. "If villages are being set on fire, what kind of talks can you expect?"

Last week, after a leadership meeting of his governing Socialist party, Milosevic issued a characteristic statement saying he would co-operate with "efforts to decrease tensions." He was also due to meet this week in Moscow with Russian President Boris Yeltsin, normally sympathetic, for talks on the crisis. Yet on the ground, the NATO warnings appeared to have little impact. A steady thud of Serbian shells landed in the border mountains each evening. Serbian police reinforcements and federal army troops were seen trundling deep into Kosovo, despite the army's insistence that its role is only to secure the border with Albania. The mood in Kosovo was increasingly desperate. "Where is America? Where is Europe? You are sleeping," screamed one demonstrator in the streets of Pristina as 10,000 marchers called for NATO to intervene.

NATO strikes against Serbian military targets would undoubtedly boost the fast-growing power of the hardline KLA. The rebel group was long dismissed as disorganized and poorly trained and equipped. But the KLA now finds popular support within Kosovo and from the large Albanian diaspora in Europe and North America, which also provides funds. Arms—including antitank weapons and possibly some surface-to-air missiles—continue to come over the mountains from Albania. Kosovo Albanians fear that once Milosevic has secured the border regions, he will go after the rebel-held central town of Malsevo, the supply hub for the KLA. At night, trucks roll in loaded with flour, food and gas. Late last week, the Serbian military was massing in the town of Kijevo, just 10 km away.

Western envoys are hoping that Rugova, who refuses even to acknowledge the existence of the KLA, can still bring about a political settlement—if he is willing to accept something less than full independence. But for many ethnic Albanians, too much blood has been spilled and too many houses destroyed to give in now. Cracks in the Yugoslav federation have also deepened with the election victory in Montenegro of Milosevic's pro-Western rival, Milo Djukanovic. As the crisis worsens, many believe that only Western soldiers—including Canadians—can keep the Balkans from unravelling.

NOMI MORRIS *with GUY DINMORE in Pristina and LUKE FISHER in Ottawa*

Perfectly Puzzling.





Nikitin and wife Tatiana: putting Canada on hold

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW STAWICKI/MAGNUM

Nuclear nightmare

In a perfect world, Alexander Nikitin would be a comfortable Canadian resident by now, perhaps working as a nuclear plant technician. Instead, the former nuclear submarine commander holds the dubious honor of being declared Russia's first prisoner of conscience of the post-communist era by Amnesty International—and faces harassment worthy of the darkest days of the Soviet Union. Two years ago, a day after he visited the Canadian Embassy in Moscow to complete a successful immigration application, security service agents arrested him on charges of violating national security. His supposed crime: providing information to a Norwegian environmental group on the dangers posed by nuclear waste and rotting nuclear submarines in Russia's far north. Now confined to St. Petersburg, he must deal with constant surveillance, bugged telephones, clandestine searches of his apartment and the uncertainty of waiting for an unscheduled trial that could put him in jail for up to 20 years.

A leading environmental activist suffers harassment

It has all gotten to be too much. The 45-year-old environmental activist has begun making frequent visits to a sanatorium on the outskirts of St. Petersburg—shadowed there and back, he says, by agents of the Federal Security Service (FSB in Russian), the successor agency to the dreaded KGB. In an interview with *Maclean's* last week, Nikitin described the stresses of a life that has brought him acclaim abroad and treason charges at home. Recently, someone poured glue into the door locks of his secondhand 1992 red Lada. The car's tires have also been slashed three times during the past six weeks, he says. "FSB agents follow me, Tatiana, my wife, and our daughter, Yuha, everywhere," he said. "Their permanent presence gets on my nerves. It has forced me to take regular treatments in the sanatorium."

His hopes of getting himself and his family to Canada have also gone on hold, despite appeals on his behalf by Prime Minister Jean Chretien to President Boris Yeltsin. "We'll take him in because he has applied successfully to be a Canadian citizen," Chretien told Yeltsin during his last visit to Moscow in October. But Nikitin is barred from travelling abroad, and Yeltsin has shown no interest in intervening in the case. Nor is Nikitin prepared to go to Canada while he still faces charges. "I don't want to leave Russia before my name is cleared in court," he says.

There is no telling how long that will take. The investigation is in its third year with no signs that a trial will begin soon—although Nikitin is hoping for a fall date. Last month, authorities added another charge of espionage and treason against him. That made seven major counts of violating national security arising from a 1996 report that he helped write for the Bellona Foundation, a Norwegian environmental organization.

The 168-page document, entitled "The Russian Northern Fleet: the Potential Risks of Radioactive Contamination," warned that the Russian north was a veritable nuclear catastrophe-in-waiting that might match the 1986 explosion at Ukraine's Chernobyl power station. It highlighted the dangers posed by nuclear fuel stored aboard as many as 70 mothballed subs rusting away at dockside in Murmansk and other harbors near Russia's 200-km border with Norway. Russia, too short of cash to provide a proper waste-disposal plant in the area, is the only country in the world that condones such a hazardous practice. The report also detailed how, over 20 years up to 1988, the Soviet navy disposed of 17 old nuclear reactors by simply dumping them into Arctic waters north of Murmansk.

Nikitin is adamant that the material contained in the report came from more than 800 public sources and did not reveal state secrets or violate national security. Much of the information was in fact supplied by Alexei Yablokov, until recently Yeltsin's chief adviser on the country's polluted environment. Like Nikitin, Yablokov argues that under the Russian constitution, environmental threats cannot be kept from public view.

But top military and security officials insist that Nikitin compromised national security. "I claim with absolute certainty that 70 per cent of the information Alexander Nikitin gathered for Bellona has nothing to do with ecology," Yevgeny Adamov, Russia's nuclear power minister, said recently. "His materials are technological information about our military potential." The FSB alleges that Nikitin did not hand in his identity card after he retired from the navy in 1992. Subsequently, it claims, he used the card to gain entrance to a St. Petersburg naval base where he copied secret files for later use in the Bellona report. Overall, the FSB maintains that Nikitin violated three defence ministry decrees on state secrets—measures that are themselves classified. "It's impossible to mount a defence," says Nikitin's lawyer, Yuri Schmidt, "when you don't know what law your client is supposed to have broken."

The FSB's clumsy handling of the case has also drawn criticism—and raised questions about post-communist Russia's commitment to civil rights protection. Agents arrested Nikitin on Feb. 6, 1996—an event he believes might have been precipitated by his Canadian immigration visit the day before. The security service held him for eight months before it settled on the formal charges against him. In all, Nikitin spent 10 months in jail before being released in December, 1996, on condition he not leave St. Petersburg without official permission.

By then, the once-fiery activist appeared wan and worn down, even as his plight drew international attention. Last year, he won the $107,000 Goldman Environmental Prize, considered the green movement's equivalent of the Nobel Prize. His wife and daughter accepted it for him in Washington, and Nikitin hopes to use the award money, safely stowed in a U.S. bank, to set up a fund for young Russian environmentalists.

As the FSB probe goes on, the family has fought back by taking extensive videotapes of what Tatiana calls the "men in black" agents wearing sunglasses and dark coats who have openly followed her. Nikitin also believes the FSB jammed a live discussion of his case on a St. Petersburg radio station last month, a charge the station director supports. For the record, the FSB denies any harassment. "I have lots of work to do, so why would I organize a surveillance for Nikitin?" asks Alexander Kolb, the officer in charge of the case.

In the meantime, Russian customs officials continue to ban entry of the Bellona report, even though it is available to any Russian with a computer connection to the Internet (at *www.bellona.no*). Ironically, too, Yeltsin now openly acknowledges the environmental issue that Nikitin helped publicize. Late last month, Norway agreed to start paying the costs of dismantling Russia's dangerous nuclear vessels and help build a nuclear-waste processing site for the subs' spent fuel. "The north is thoroughly saturated by nuclear materials and the Norwegian side's concern is well justified," Yeltsin said during King Harald V's May visit.

That leaves Nikitin an oddly isolated figure as he considers his options. He is unsure whether to pursue a plan for Yuha, who is currently studying English and other foreign languages at a private institute, to gain entry to a Canadian university. Her $150 monthly tuition fees are a strain on a collective family income of less than $1,000 a month. Tatiana, who has a job making documentaries with a private film-maker, would like to accompany her daughter to Canada on a visitor's permit. But Nikitin says the family could not afford the $100,000 he estimates it would cost to maintain her and her mother during four years of study. "Perhaps," suggests a Canadian immigration official familiar with the case, "it's time for individuals who endorsed his environmental work to come forward as sponsors." That would present Nikitin with a tough emotional choice, but it might be preferable to waiting for Russian justice to take its course.

MALCOLM GRAY *in Moscow*

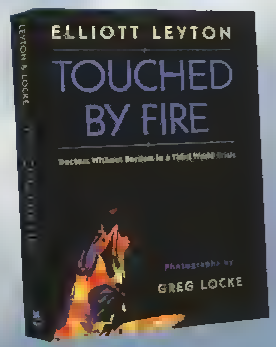
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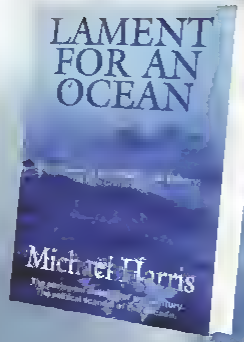
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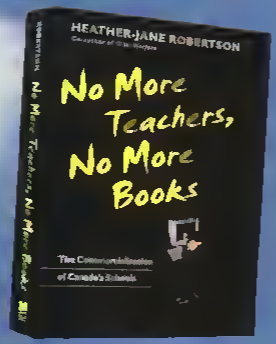
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MICHAEL HARRIS
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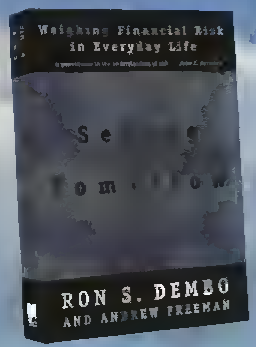
NO MORE TEACHERS, NO MORE BOOKS
HEATHER-JANE ROBERTSON
The commercialization of Canada's schools



GONE TO AN AUNT'S
ANNE PETRIE
Remembering Canada's homes for unwed mothers



PARADISE, PIECE BY PIECE
MOLLY PEACOCK
A woman's account of being childless, by choice



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RON S. DEMBO & ANDREW FREEMAN
An expert teaches you how to weigh financial risk



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REACH FOR McClelland & Stewart
The Canadian Publishers

World NOTES

APARTHEID'S MAD SCIENCE

South African army scientists testified that during the apartheid era they contemplated using germ warfare against blacks, poisoning black leader Nelson Mandela and providing lethal bacteria to military hit squads. The plot against Mandela, now president, involved giving him thallium, which can cause brain damage. It was never carried out. Scientists told the Truth and Reconciliation Commission that a "psychosis" about defending white power also led them to research purported germs that could selectively kill blacks and drugs that could cause black infertility.

CYCLONE LASHES INDIA

Government officials burned the bodies of hundreds of people killed in a cyclone in western India. At least 400 of the more than 700 dead were poor salt workers killed by giant waves as the storm hit the coast of Gujarat state, where they were building walls to hold seawater for evaporation. Officials said they had to burn the bodies quickly due to high heat and humidity.

RED SEA CONFLICT

As international diplomats tried to end a border war between Ethiopia and Eritrea, the two sides opened a third front near the Eritrean port of Assab. Ethiopia became a landlocked nation after Eritrea, ranged along the Red Sea near the Horn of Africa, was allowed to secede in 1993. The pair, two of the poorest nations in the world, remained largely friendly until the increasingly fierce border conflict erupted in May. Each accuses the other of starting it.

RACE MURDER IN TEXAS

Three white men with connections to white-supremacist groups were accused of the brutal murder of a black man in Jasper, Tex. James Byrd Jr. was chained to a pickup truck and dragged until his body was torn to pieces. Prosecutors were seeking evidence of a second serious crime, such as kidnapping, which would allow them to ask for the death penalty.

CONCILIATION ON TIMOR

Indonesian President B. J. Habibie said he would consider "special status" for East Timor but insisted the former Portuguese territory will remain part of Indonesia. He also freed 15 Timorese political prisoners, but did not include separatist rebel chief Xanana Gusmao.



JEAN-YVES GREGO/REA

CUP FEVER: **Four 20-m-high robots representing Asia, the Americas, Africa and Europe dominate the Place de la Concorde in Paris after leading parades kicking off the 16th World Cup soccer competition in France. Some 4,500 dancers, acrobats, Rollerbladers and costumed marchers joined in. Organizers of the month-long quadrennial tournament breathed easier when Air France pilots ended a 10-day strike, allowing thousands of fans to reach France. But many arrived to discover they had no tickets. Up to 12,500 Japanese and 12,000 Dutch fans were among the victims of dishonest travel agencies and bogus ticket sellers.**

A new tough guy for Nigeria

Nigeria's new military strongman, Gen. Abdulsalam Abubakar, responded sharply to the first test of his regime—an anti-government demonstration through the streets of Lagos, the country's largest city, to mark the fifth anniversary of the last presidential elections on June 12, 1993. Riot police fired bullets into the air and tear gas at protesters to break up small, scattered demonstrations, wrecking plans for a massive show of opposition. Although organized well in advance, the protest acquired added significance with the death on June 8 of ruler Gen. Sani Abacha. The 54-year-old Abacha, who died of a heart attack, had seized power after the cancellation of the 1993 vote and quickly earned a reputation for ruthlessness. His successor appears to be headed down the same road. "Abubakar is becoming the reincarnation of Abacha," said lawyer and opposition activist Gani Fawehinmi.

Nigeria has been ruled by military dictators for 28 of the past 38 years, leaving most of the populace impoverished despite the country's massive oil reserves. Abacha was one of the worst. He jailed, tortured and killed dissidents. He also provoked international outrage with the 1995 hanging of poet and environmentalist Ken Saro-Wiwa and eight others for allegedly conspiring to kill political opponents. Abacha had planned to hold elections in August in which he was to be the sole presidential candidate. His successor has made a vague commitment to democratic reforms but opponents are deeply skeptical.

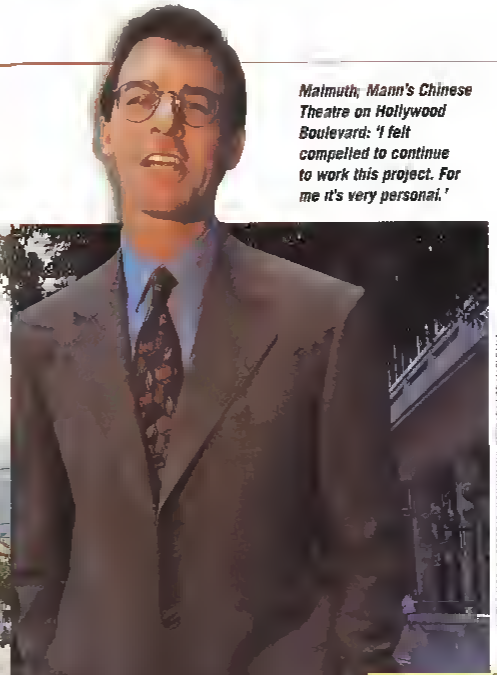
Fighting the 'fish war' in the world court

Canada and Spain fought a courtroom version of their 1995 "fish war" at the International Court of Justice in the Hague. Spain had filed a claim for compensation after the Canadian Coast Guard seized the Spanish trawler Estai for allegedly overfishing endangered turbot stocks. Although the hearing was supposed to cover only Canada's challenge to the court's jurisdiction, Spanish lawyers argued that Canada had acted illegally, was covertly trying to extend its 200-mile limit and had gone beyond "conservation measures" by firing shots near the Estai. Lead Canadian lawyer Philippe Kirsch responded in kind. "Spanish fishing practices left a profound bitterness on both sides of the Atlantic," he said.

Hurray for Hollywood

A Canadian company breathes new life into Tinseltown's tawdry core





Malmuth, Mann's Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard: 'I felt compelled to continue to work this project. For me it's very personal.'

COMPOSITE IMAGE PHOTOGRAPHY BY KIM KUL SHISAKA FOR MACLEAN'S



ANDREW PHILLIPS

IN LOS ANGELES

The cement is freshly poured, the photographers are in place and the rent-a-crowd is waiting for the order to cheer. All is ready for The Star. And here he comes, his bulbous black Lincoln Continental gliding to a stop outside the famed Mann's Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. Warren Beatty emerges, all hair and sunglasses. Like 213 movie legends before him, he steps gingerly onto the wet cement and rocks back and forth to leave an imprint of his expensive shoes. Then, he kneels and presses his hands into the damp slab. Across the street, a crowd outfitted with T-shirts promoting his new movie, *Bulworth*, chants on cue: "Warr-en, Warr-en!" A mumbled thank-you, a quick pass along the rope line that holds back the curious, and Warren is gone.

That's about as glamorous as it gets these days along Hollywood Boulevard. Once in a long while, "the Chinese," as it is known locally, holds a hand-and-foot ceremony or hosts a movie premiere and the beautiful people drop by the old neighborhood. But for the other 360-odd days of the year, Hollywood is a distinctly depressing experience. The nine million tourists who come to the area every year find nothing much to keep them there. They quickly discover that Hollywood the place, as distinct from Hollywood the myth-making machine, offers little more than down-at-the-heels souvenir shops, tattoo parlors and such dubious delights as the legendary lingerie palace Frederick's of Hollywood, whose window display promises a peek at underwear worn by Madonna, Marilyn Monroe and—bizarrely—Robert Redford. No wonder the tourists stay an average of just 20 minutes.

That may be about to change, and in large part because of decisions made in Canada. The development arm of TrizecHahn Corp., the Bay Street powerhouse that many consider to be North America's most aggressive commercial real estate company, starts work next month on a project designed to reverse decades of decline in Los Angeles's most storied neighborhood. Dubbed Hollywood & Highland, after the intersection it abuts, the venture is a $565-million bet on the future of the area. Built around and behind the Chinese Theatre, it will include stores, restaurants, a 600-room hotel and studios for live TV production. The centrepiece will be a theatre that will serve as a permanent home for the annual Oscars ceremony. The design pays conscious homage to Hollywood's past with a grand arch modelled after the one in D. W. Griffith's 1916 epic *Intolerance*. The arch, the planners say, will frame the famous Hollywood sign that snakes across the hills to the north.

The design is, to put it mildly, a bit over the top—with its ornate elephants and grandly named Babylon Court at the centre. But that, says David Malmuth, TrizecHahn's main executive on the project, is the point. "Hollywood," he argues, "has always paid tribute to grandiosity and folly." Malmuth, 43, is a native of Los Angeles whose previous development work included helping to bring New York City's Times Square back from the dead. As a vice-president with the Walt Disney Co., he oversaw theatre renovations on 42nd Street that transformed the notorious sleaze strip into a symbol of the newly wholesome New York. In its own way, Hollywood Boulevard is the equivalent location in Los Angeles, a turnaround there could do wonders for the city's image.

Malmuth's involvement in the area began in 1994 when he took his three young sons to a Christmas show at the ornate old Pantages Theatre. "I was struck by how forlorn the street was," he recalls. "It seemed like it couldn't sink any lower. There was only one way to go—up." In fact, things *could* get worse. A couple of weeks later, the street literally sank by about 23 cm as workmen bored a tube for a new subway track below the mile-long strip whose sidewalks are embedded with 2,000 brass and terrazzo stars—the celebrated Walk of Fame. It seemed like the final insult after decades of decline. Since the late 1960s, Hollywood Boulevard had been a magnet for street kids, junkies and prostitutes. Developers and politicians talked constantly about reviving the area, but little came of it.

Still, Hollywood is already on a modest upswing. "You should have been here five or 10 years ago—we've made a lot of progress," says Leron Gubler, executive director of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce. "It's a B minus, C plus now," adds Jackie Goldberg, who represents the area on Los Angeles city council. "But it used to be a D minus." Just how bad is it? An evening stroll is still a dispiriting experience. It begins just beyond the warm glow of lights around the forecourt of the Chinese Theatre, where generations of tourists have matched their hands against the imprints made by such legends as Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks (the first stars to leave their marks in 1927). Souvenir shops push plastic Oscars and jokey bumper stickers (a favorite: "I slept with the President"). Inside a tattoo parlor, a large woman winces as a man with a cigarette dangling from his lips engraves a design just above her left breast. Visitors from Ohio and Japan and Germany clutch their purses tight and scuttle back to their tour buses.

Yet crime is half what it was a couple of years ago. Local businesses formed an improvement district; they hired security guards to patrol the street and cleanup crews to keep the litter under control. The economy, in Los Angeles as elsewhere, is booming. Real estate is on the upswing, and some old landmarks on Hollywood Boulevard, like Grauman's Egyptian Theatre, the lesser-known cousin of the Chinese, are being renovated and reopened. Finally, the city's politicians are cooperating to ease the way for new projects. All that convinced Malmuth that the time is ripe for a major investment: "The stars, as we say here, are all aligned." When Disney declined to go along with the idea, Malmuth persuaded TrizecHahn to support it, and joined the company's development division in 1996 as senior vice-president. "I felt compelled to continue to work this project," he says. "For me it's very personal."

It will be, if nothing else, big—57,600 square metres of retail and commercial space covering two city blocks. Aside from stores and restaurants, Malmuth wants to bring live TV production into the heart of Hollywood. A bigger achievement will be bringing the Academy Awards ceremony back to Hollywood, where it was first held in 1929 in the old Roosevelt Hotel across the street from the Chinese Theatre. For years, it has migrated around Los Angeles, but Hollywood & Highland will include a theatre with all the trimmings for Oscar night—seating for 3,300 people, a press area for 1,500, and a 2,700-square-metre ballroom. It is due to open for the Oscars in March, 2001, several months after the rest of the development is scheduled to be completed. And it will, says Malmuth, be "the emotional heart of the whole project."

For all its significance to Los Angeles, though, Hollywood & Highland is a comparatively modest undertaking for TrizecHahn. It is just one of three major retail-entertainment complexes that the company, controlled since 1994 by gold-mining king Peter Munk, now has under way. The others are in Las Vegas, Nev., and Toronto, where it has put $26 million into remaking the base of the CN Tower. Elsewhere, the company is expanding at breakneck speed. At the end of 1997, its portfolio included 78 properties in Canada, the United States and Europe. By last week, the total had reached 114. The company has become one of the fastest-growing international developers, with real estate assets worth about $8.8 billion.

Many of those assets are so-called marquee properties such as Chicago's Sears Tower and Place Ville Marie in Montreal. But Munk has insisted if a better opportunity comes along, he will trade away the most impressive building in a moment. Those calculations, it is clear, do not apply to Hollywood & Highland—at least as far as Malmuth is concerned. He wants to help give Los Angeles something it so conspicuously lacks: an emotional core. "I really connect with the desire that people have to go to a place and feel you've touched the essence of it," he says. "I want to create something that meets that desire." No easy task—especially in a city legendary for scorning its own heritage. □

TOWERS OF GOLD

Toronto-based TrizecHahn Corp. is quickly expanding its real estate portfolio. Acquisitions over the last two years include:

- Bell Canada office towers in Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal for $768 million in March
- JBG Companies office buildings in Washington area for $803 million in February (60-per-cent stake)
- Sears Tower in Chicago for $197 million in December, 1997
- Toronto's CN Tower for $111 million in June, 1997
- Half-ownership of the Grace Building and other New York properties for $285 million in February, 1997
- Houston's Allan Canter for $335 million in November, 1996

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Ross Laver



A voice for the little guy

As he slides into his seat in a mid-town Toronto restaurant, Stephen Handler slaps a thick sheaf of press clippings on the table. The 30-year-old founder of the Canadian Alliance of Individual Investors is fiercely proud of the media coverage he has received while waging guerrilla war against the fat cats of the corporate establishment. "It shows I'm having an impact," Handler says. "The big guys are forced to sit up and take notice."

Indeed they are. But what exactly is Handler trying to achieve? And why on earth is he carrying around a copy of the 1996 annual report of Playboy Enterprises Inc.?

The short answer: self-promotion. If Andy Warhol was right that in the future everyone will receive 15 minutes of fame, Stephen Handler is walking, talking proof that some people already get more than their share.

> **Canada needs an advocate for small investors—whether it needs Stephen Handler is another matter**

The trick is knowing how to attract attention. Handler's moment of revelation came two years ago, when he decided that Canada needed a grassroots organization to fight for the rights of small shareholders. He established the CAII, installed himself as executive director and began publishing a bimonthly newsletter. His targets include the mutual fund industry (for charging excessive fees), big brokerage firms (for favoring institutional investors over individuals) and many of Canada's best known financial advisers (for alleged conflicts of interest).

The CAII's letterhead carries a Bay Street address, but it's actually just a rented mail-box next door to a Tim Hortons donut shop. "It's important to make a good first impression," says Handler, who lives with his parents in suburban Toronto. The CAII is a shoestring operation with no office, no staff and—according to its founder—only about 400 members, who pay $24 a year. It's impossible to verify his membership claim, because in two years the alliance has not organized a single meeting.

It hasn't had to. On his own, Handler has managed to generate more publicity than many better-established organizations receive in a decade. He's been quoted in *The Globe and Mail*, *The Financial Post* and several other papers. Last week, he was interviewed by Toronto's City TV, which wanted his reaction to the six-month trading ban handed out to fallen mutual fund manager Frank Mersch. Handler's view: compared to some of his industry colleagues, Mersch is a saint.

To Handler, all the attention proves he is on the right track. Others might argue that it shows how desperate some journalists are to find people who will take potshots at the high and mighty. Give a man a title and an organization to represent—even one he invented himself—and the headlines are sure to follow. Rarely do reporters bother to find out exactly who is doing the talking, and why.

Which is a pity, because Handler is happy to discuss his background and motives. After dropping out of university in the first year of an undergraduate arts program, he worked as a cook while pondering how to break into the financial services industry. He twice failed the Canadian securities course, then passed and spent a month as a salesman in a penny-stock brokerage. Most of his experience in the markets comes from investing on behalf of his father, a retired dentist.

More than anything, Handler wants to be a player. He calls the CAII a "quasi-nonprofit organization," adding that his aim is to be invited to sit on one or more mutual fund advisory boards as a representative of small investors. Either that or he'll try "the *Wealthy Barber* thing"—writing how-to books on investing. "I don't want to be seen as a tree-hugger," he says. "I want to show you can be ethical and still make money."

And the Playboy connection? Handler, it seems, has a beef with Hugh Hefner's magazine company, something about the poor performance of its stock. He consciously set out to annoy the company by infringing on its rabbit head logo, which prompted Playboy to file a statement of claim in the Federal Court of Canada. Handler apologized, but continues to pass out copies of the annual report with his press releases. "I play up the sex because it gets me attention," he says. "I like to cause trouble, because that's the way you accomplish things in this world."

Yes, Canada does need a strong advocate for small investors. Whether it needs the CAII is another matter entirely.



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Business NOTES

A LEAP OF FAITH

Toronto-Dominion Bank chairman Charles Baillie told Liberal MPs and senators probing proposed bank mergers that approving a marriage between TD and Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce would be "a leap of faith." Baillie said there is no proof that bigger is better, but argued a larger bank could achieve economies of scale that would allow for lower service fees in some cases.

MERSCH BANNED

The Ontario Securities Commission banned Frank Mersch from the mutual fund industry for six months after accusing the 44-year-old star fund manager with Toronto-based Altamira Investment Services Inc. of lying to regulators about a lucrative personal investment in a penny stock five years ago. The penalty is one of the harshest ever imposed by the OSC.

OILPATCH MEGAMERGER

Renaissance Energy Ltd. agreed to a friendly $1.1-billion merger with Pinnacle Resources Ltd. Pinnacle urged shareholders to accept the Renaissance bid of $16.76 for each Pinnacle share. Renaissance also assumes Pinnacle's outstanding debt of $380 million. Both firms are based in Calgary.

AUTO TARIFF STAYS

Ottawa rejected appeals by Japanese automakers to eliminate the 6.7-per-cent tariff on imported autos. Yoshio Nakatani, president of Toronto-based Toyota Canada Inc., slammed the tariff as "discriminatory," and the Japanese government said it may take the case to the World Trade Organization.

NO MORE CLEAR-CUTTING

MacMillan Bloedel Ltd. said it will phase out clear-cut logging within five years in response to pressure from the public and environmental groups. But environmentalists said the plan does not go far enough because the Vancouver-based company has not pledged to protect untouched valleys.

BANKS TIE THE KNOT

Wells Fargo & Co. of San Francisco and Minneapolis-based Norwest Corp. announced a $50-billion merger. If approved, the stock swap would create the sixth-largest bank in the United States with about $281 billion in assets and more than 90,000 employees.

Hitting an all-time low



TOSHI YUKI AIZAWA/REUTERS

Exhausted currency traders in Tokyo: walloping the loonie

Asia's deepening economic crisis rocked the long-suffering loonie, pushing it below 68 cents (U.S.) for the first time in its 140-year history. The dollar closed the week at 68.20 cents (U.S.), but its unprecedented decline put pressure on the Bank of Canada to defend the currency by raising interest rates. Concerned that a rate increase could hurt the economy, the central bank's senior deputy governor, Bernard Bonin, told an audience in Montreal the bank will stick by its plan to hold rates steady until November, "provided there are no new shocks to the economy."

The bank's assurances came amid warnings that the world has yet to see the worst of Asia's economic turmoil. Japan reported that its economy shrank for the second straight quarter, confirming fears that the region's largest economy is mired in a severe recession. The rest of Asia has been looking to Japan to revive the region's flagging fortunes. Reduced demand for goods in Asia has cut worldwide commodity prices, walloping currencies in resource-based economies such as Canada and Australia—even though 80 per cent of Canadian exports still go to the United States. Japan's latest woes also prompted jittery investors to flee other currencies for the perceived safety of the U.S. greenback. The concern spread to major stock markets, where share prices dropped steeply.

Back in Canada, some businesses celebrated the loonie's malaise. Exporters said the low dollar makes Canadian goods more attractive abroad, while resort operators reported the number of American tourists has increased.

Strike fallout at GM

General Motors Corp. faced the threat of a North American shutdown as labor unrest spread at its Michigan plants. The United Auto Workers struck the sprawling Delphi East complex in Flint, Mich., which supplies parts for nearly every GM vehicle made in Canada, the United States and Mexico. About 5,800 workers were affected. The walkout came six days after workers went on strike across town at the Flint Metal Center, a stamping plant. That strike has caused the layoffs of nearly 25,000 workers at two dozen other plants, including 1,800 workers in Oshawa, Ont. GM's other North American plants could be idled by the strike at the Delphi East facility, disrupting the planned September release of its new full-size pickup trucks. GM is counting on a smooth unveiling to reverse a pattern of troubled launches. The company has 28 major assembly plants in North America with 296,500 hourly workers.

FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

Housing starts across Canada last month slipped to their lowest level in almost two years, dragged down in part by a drywallers' strike in the Toronto area. New home construction reached an annual rate of 138,700 units, down 5.2 per cent from April. That follows an 8.1-per-cent decline between March and April. Despite the downward trend, Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp. predicted residential construction in 1998 will rise for the third straight year, climbing 3.1 per cent.

New vehicle sales continued to rise in April, jumping six per cent from March on the strength of manufacturers' incentives. Canadian winemakers have also seen sales figures rise, lifting their domestic market share to 46.5 per cent from 45.7 per cent in the 1996-1997 fiscal year, the first gain in five years.

"Canadian consumer confidence remains solid: three-quarters of Canadians say the national economy is in good shape, and almost one-half expect further improvement in the year ahead. Optimism concerning personal finances continues to edge up."

—Angus Reid Group



"North American-built cars commanded 78.7 per cent of overall car sales in April. This share has eroded by eight points since last year. The market share of cars built overseas has risen to 21.3 per cent."

—Nesbitt Burns

People

Edited by TANYA DAVIES



Timmins: courting the Beatle's spirit during recording

Conjuring John Lennon

She wasn't exactly counting on a visit from the spirit of **John Lennon**, but **Cowboy Junkies** lead singer **Margo Timmins** made appropriate preparations, just in case. The band recorded the title song of its new album, *Miles from Our Home*, at Abbey Road, the famous **Beatles** studio in London. Timmins and the other band members—her brothers **Michael Timmins** on guitar and **Peter Timmins** on drums, and bassist **Alan Anton**—excitedly flipped through books about the Beatles scattered throughout the studio. They closely scrutinized items from the days when the Fab Four recorded there. "I saw John Lennon's stool, so I put it in my [recording] booth," recalls Margo. "And I said, 'If he wants to come and visit, he could. This is his seat.' " Then she laughs: "Me and **Shirley MacLaine**."

After more than a decade of fronting the successful Toronto band—their six previous albums have sold four million copies internationally—37-year-old Timmins has settled into a life of comfort and consistency, two "c" words not normally associated with rock 'n' roll. Married to entertainment lawyer **Graham Henderson**, she says she is pleased with the level of recognition the band has reached. "As far as fame, being recognized is very minimal," says Timmins, who was chosen by *People* magazine as one of the world's Fifty Most Beautiful People in 1990. "And I like the level we're at as far as touring—the size of the halls. But if we sold more records," she jokes, "I think I'd get more secure." A stability junkie.

An activist's jailhouse doc

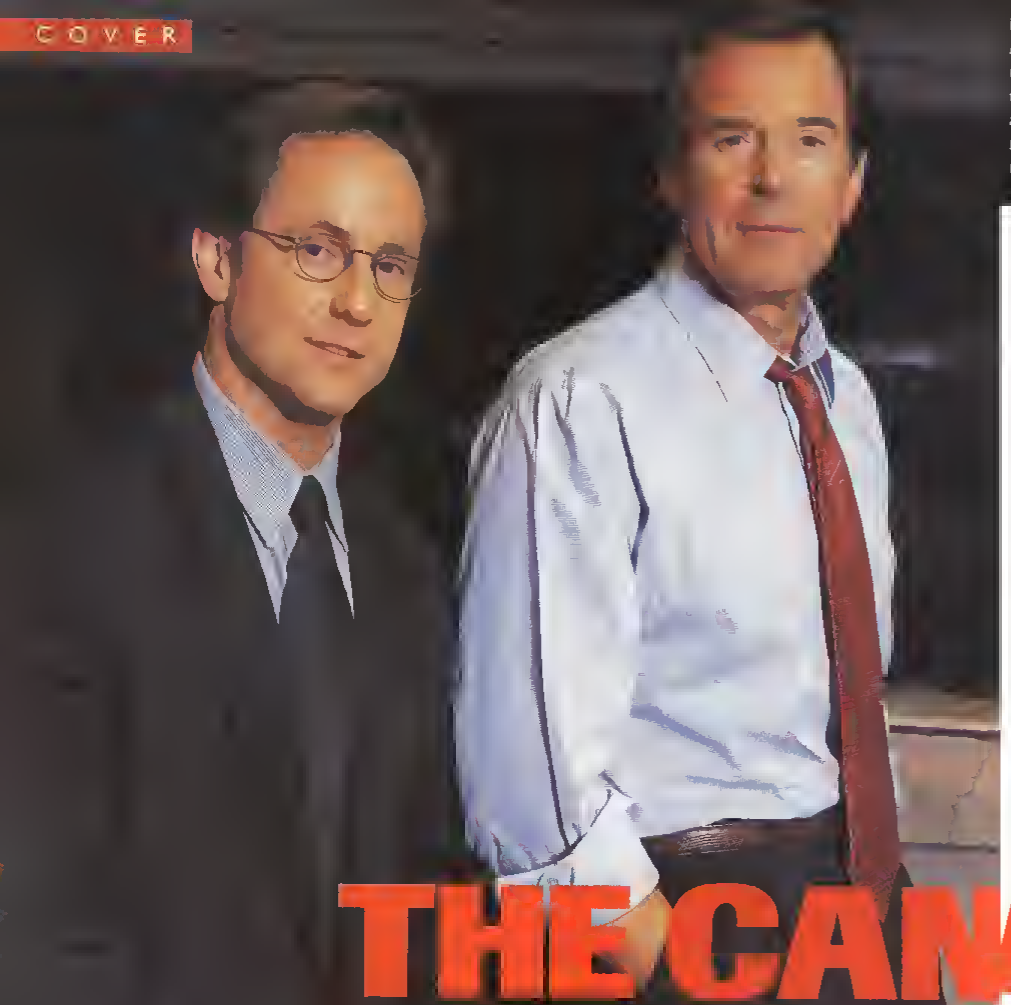
A jail term may seem an inauspicious beginning for anything creative, but that is how Shelley Wine came to make her documentary film. The Montreal native felt compelled to make *Fury for the Sound. The Women at Clayoquot* after she received a three-week sentence for civil resistance on the logging roads of Clayoquot Sound on Vancouver Island in 1993. "At the beginning I was saying 'Somebody should be making a documentary about these blockades,' " says Wine, who served her sentence under electronic monitoring at home. "After being arrested, I realized that I needed to do this, so a year later, I did."

With no film-making experience but a definite vision, the former lawyer and social worker, who has lived in Vancouver since 1992, received a $16,000 Canada Council grant and went back to the controversial area. "I was intrigued that women were the primary spokespeople at Clayoquot, and made up two-thirds of the arrestees," says the 38-year-old. "So I just starting interviewing the women. I talked to as many as possible to get different perspectives." A medley of personal interviews and images of grandmothers being carried away by RCMP officers makes for an emotional film, which has been a hit at festivals. *Fury* was nominated for the 1998 Chalmer's Award, one of Canada's top documentary prizes, and has won the People's Choice Award at the Vermont International Film Festival and three awards at the International Wildlife Festival in Montana. "When you start making a film, you have a passion for the subject, but you don't know if your vision will be understood," says Wine. "So when people respond positively, it's great." Not bad for a rookie.



WAYNE S. STANLEY FOR MACLEAN'S

Wine: one of the women at Clayoquot



Newman, Jennings at ABC; Assuras (right): despite distinctive accents and citizenship, Canadians bring a world view that New York network executives value in the heated ratings wars



THE CANADIAN WAVE

Peter Jennings and Kevin Newman lead the invasion of U.S. network news

BY ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH

PETER JENNINGS WANTS TO COME HOME. NOT FOR GOOD—although the 59-year-old, $14-million-a-year man says that crosses his mind on occasion. But, he concedes, he loves his life in New York City and his job as the anchor and senior editor of ABC's *World News Tonight* too much to give it up anytime soon. Still, sometimes, when the tension and pace are especially daunting, Jennings feels a need to head back to his native Ottawa. For several weeks each summer, and many weekends the rest of the year, he stays at his farm in Quebec's Gatineau Hills, north of Ottawa. There, Jennings remarked recently, as he sprawled on a couch in his office in ABC's New York headquarters, "I retreat and recharge—and *really* feel at home."

Kevin Newman, meanwhile, is learning to feel at home in his new incarnation as co-host of ABC's *Good Morning America*. "There are times when I find this mind-blowing," says the 39-year-old Toronto native, who began his job last month as only the third male co-anchor in the program's 22-year history. The issue is not the work, although the recently remade morning show has stumbled off to a rocky start in some critics' eyes. Still, Newman is widely admired for his on-air ease and affability. But amidst an ABC blitz to promote the show after years of lagging ratings, Newman sees his face on everything from posters in Times Square to the front of Manhattan buses. Not to mention a feature in *People* magazine and an appearance on CNN's *Larry King Live*, the arbiters of what's hot and mainstream. Newman says the hype is "part thrill, and partly overwhelming."

For more than three decades, Canadians have played key roles in American television news—but arguably never more so than now. Turn on any news program on the Big Three networks, and chances are that a Canadian has a key role. At ABC, employees joke that the call letters stand for "Another Break for Canadians" or "America By Canadians." Along with Newman and Jennings, Ottawa native Fiona Conway is the second-in-command at *Good Morning America*, which she joined after being hired from CTV in February. ABC's foreign correspondents include Canadians Richard Gizbert and Sheila MacVicar in London and Gillian Findlay in Moscow. Other employees "ask me to show them the secret handshake," jokes Gizbert. He was hired after Jennings, in Montreal for the NHL all-star game in February, 1993, saw Gizbert on CTV and called the next day to offer him a job. Gizbert recalls that Jennings—who did not know him—began by asking: "How would you like to better your situation in life?"

At CBS, John Roberts anchors the Sunday evening news and fills in weekdays for Dan Rather when he is not—as now—travelling on assignment. Mark Phillips in London and Allen Pizzey in Rome are veterans of foreign coverage, and two recent additions—Jeffrey Kofman and Thalia Assuras—are reporters in the New York newsroom. And the dean of them all is Morley Safer (page 36) of *60 Minutes*.

At NBC, Bob McKeown and Keith Morrison are regulars on NBC's hit *Dateline*. McKeown, who spent a decade at CBC's *the fifth estate*, won renown in 1991 while at CBS for his Gulf War coup. He and his crew, relying on luck, clever planning and sheer daring, entered Kuwait City as the occupying Iraqis fled, and broadcast live for hours before American troops arrived. "My obituary will probably identify me as the first *American* into Kuwait," says 47-year-old McKeown with a laugh.

The list goes on, with other Canadians working as reporters for networks or anchors at affiliates. That is despite—or because of—such distinctions as a marked accent and a different way of viewing the world. "Canadians *do* say 'eh' and they pronounce *out and about* as *oot and aboot*," insists Andrew Heyward, president of CBS News. But, adds Heyward, "Canadians have an interest in the world that comes from being a mid-level power rather than the leading one. That is an asset." Says Mike Wallace, the legendary co-host of *60 Minutes*: "It is no coincidence that two of the top news people are Morley Safer and Peter Jennings. There is a literacy, superior quality and high-level training in Canadian journalism."

The flip side is that journalists in Canada work in an environment that offers less opportunity and money. A senior reporter at the CBC, even with overtime pay, seldom earns more than $100,000. By comparison, a network correspondent in the United States usually starts at a salary of more than $100,000 (U.S.)—more than $140,000 Canadian at present exchange rates—and a far lower tax rate. Still, the attraction most cited is enhanced opportunity due to bigger markets and access to top newsmakers. "At the CBC, I reached my limits as a reporter," says McKeown. Assuras, previously a reporter and anchor at CTV

and Global, says: "I wanted to live in a different country. And I wanted to work where you have all the tools you need on a story."

Still, Canadian journalism—with its more limited resources—offers a fast-track education. "Canadians do more with less," says David Westin, president of ABC News. He cites Conway, a former producer of CTV's *Canada A.M.* in Toronto, where about 25 employees put out a 2½-hour show daily. Says Westin: "She is tough and smart—and there are not many people with her experience running a morning show." At ABC, Conway oversees a staff five times that size for a show that runs a half hour less. "Instead of asking whether we can afford something, the issue is how to do the best we can," she says.

COVER

Among recent émigrés, no one has risen higher, faster, than Newman. The University of Western Ontario journalism graduate worked at CTV and Global before joining the CBC in 1988, and just four years ago was co-host of the current affairs show *Midday*. "I am a passionate Canadian and loved the CBC," Newman says. But then, CBC officials told Newman that they wanted correspondent Ian Hanomansing to replace him—and he would go back to reporting. Newman was crushed. Sitting on his porch that weekend, he recalls, "I said a prayer to God to show me a path. The next morning, there was a voice mail from ABC."

Newman, who says the call was unsolicited, agonized with his wife, former television journalist Cathy Kearns, and their two children, Alex, now 11, and Erica, 8, over ABC's offer to co-anchor their overnight program *World News Now*. The CBC—where the deal with Hanomansing fell through—made counteroffers. But, Newman says, "my mindset had changed. I wanted new challenges." The family moved to New York in late 1994. And over the next three years, Newman took on more high-profile positions. His defining event came last Labor Day weekend after the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, and companion Dodi Al Fayed. Newman anchored the coverage, and his knowledgeable, assured manner won raves. Says Westin: "I was not surprised, but Kevin's performance opened the eyes of a great many people."

When ABC decided to revamp its morning show, Westin says, "we wanted someone with a news background who was smart, personable and could think on their feet." By then, Newman was reading the news on *Good Morning America*—"so," says Westin, "there was no need to look far." The fact that Newman is Canadian was never an issue, Westin notes. "We want the best person, period—and Canadians are hardly exotic." In an observation echoed by many Newman colleagues, Westin adds: "We sought someone the audience can feel is decent and solid—and that's Kevin all the way."

Now, Newman has a three-year contract; sources say its first-year value is about $1 million (Cdn.). ABC executives hope he and co-host Lisa McRee can halt the ratings slide by fall—then reverse the trend. So far, the ratings are unchanged, and the reviews, mixed. A stinging piece in *USA Today* last week called Newman "pleasant-looking" and said he "seems to be a smart man," but the show is "sinking under the weight of soft features."

Newman is aware of the stakes of the gamble. "If ABC eventually decides I'm not who they want, fine," he says. Although he has a new wardrobe of stylish Hugo Boss clothes and switched from glasses to contact lenses recently, he insists his essentials will not change. "I will learn, but I will not become someone different," he says. If he tires of ABC, or the network of him, he adds, "there would be no difficulty about coming back to Canada. I would do it in as long as it takes to pack."

IF NEWMAN AND ABC ARE IN THE THROES OF A WHIRLwind romance, the relationship between Jennings and the network is that of a long-established marriage. "Peter is the franchise," says Westin. "Our credibility rests with him—and that's how we like it." With a total of 23 years anchoring national newscasts, Jennings has done so longer than anyone—even the venerable Walter Cronkite.

Jennings is one of the most honored journalists in any medium: he won the *Washington Journalism Review*'s award for the country's best anchor in each of the five years it was offered, was cited by Harvard University for excellence in journalism, and has a dozen Emmys and a string of other awards. He appears in at least six documentary specials a year, and regularly takes to the field for important news—in 1992, for example, he travelled to Sarajevo during some of the most vicious infighting in the former Yugoslavia.

His track record is all the more remarkable because Jennings never finished high school. The son of former CBC radio broadcaster and executive Charles Jennings (who died in 1973) and his wife, Elizabeth, Jennings began working in radio and television while still in his teens. By his early 20s, he was hosting an interview program on CBC, and at 23, was hired by CTV to co-anchor the late-night news. ABC hired Jennings as a reporter in 1964, when he was 25. A year later, amid the youth craze sweeping North America, they gave him the evening anchor's job.

Today, Jennings describes the experience as "my great failure." Critics carped that he was too pretty, inexperienced and young. Jennings insisted on using Canadianisms—pronouncing *lieutenant* as *lef-tenant*, and *schedule* as *shedule*. Viewers were irritated or unimpressed, and the ratings did not improve. After less than three years, Jennings gave up the job and moved to ABC's Rome bureau.

That began a 15-year period of being abroad, with stints later in Beirut and London. Jennings won credibility while developing the international expertise that is one of his greatest assets. "I don't think there was a day in that period when I was not astonishingly happy as a journalist," he says.

Still, when ABC offered him his old job as anchor of the evening news in 1983, Jennings did not hesitate. For many years since, *World News Tonight* was the top-rated newscast. But in the mid-1990s, ABC, responding to similar moves at NBC, cut back international coverage and moved to a down-market style. The experiment alienated viewers, and ratings slumped. "We did very badly with it," Jennings says bluntly. "The audience kicked us in the teeth." The program has since restored its former tone and added new touches. The three network news shows are now in a virtual dead heat.



Conway: Canadian journalists at home work in an environment with less opportunity and far less money

McKeown: the first line of my obituary will probably identify me as the first *American* into Kuwait



Jennings is involved in every aspect of the news. He calls correspondents to discuss approaches, and uses his own thick book of international contacts. "Often, an anchor thinks he knows more than a correspondent when that is not the case," says Gzbert. "But Peter *can* tell you things you didn't know." Observes Nicholas Regush, a Montreal native and ABC producer: "If Peter feels a story is inappropriate or unfair, there is no chance it gets on air." Jennings is notorious for fussing over scripts, sometimes demanding changes moments before airtime. He concedes: "I am deeply involved—many might suggest *too* involved." Jennings's entry into a room at ABC can stop conversation. At *Good Morning America*, when a daily taped segment shows him promoting the evening news, crew members bow their heads and chant "*Hail Peter*."

Despite his intensity, Jennings in private is relaxed, welcoming, and renowned for his thoughtfulness. Last week, after the critical review in *USA Today*, Newman says one of the first calls he received was from Jennings, "telling me not to worry—everyone in TV goes through that." That manner is coupled with a remarkable awareness of events "at home," as Jennings refers to Canada, and Ottawa in particular, 34 years after leaving. He lobbies hard for coverage of Canada. He went to Montreal himself in 1995 for the Quebec referendum, and had a correspondent sent to Montreal during the ice storms last winter.

At ABC, some employees joke that the call letters stand for 'America By Canadians'

The New York apartment that Jennings shares with his wife, ABC producer Katherine Freed, holds his extensive collection of Inuit art. His country house in the Hamptons, designed by his sister Sarah's husband, Ian Johns, has building materials and artifacts imported from Canada. He keeps the Web sites of several Canadian newspapers, including the *Ottawa Citizen*, bookmarked on his computer, and discusses the NHL Ottawa Senators with the passion of a die-hard fan. He says without irony that being awarded a gold key by the City of Ottawa last year was "a great thrill." When longtime Ottawa merchant Irving Rivers, whom Jennings had known since childhood, was buried last year, Jennings was on a plane from Jerusalem to New York. "Otherwise, I would have gone straight to the funeral," he says. Instead, Jennings reached one mourner en route to the cemetery to relay his condolences, and wrote a letter to the *Citizen* about Rivers.

Jennings remains a Canadian citizen who resists steady pressure to become American. His younger sister, Sarah, an Ottawa-based arts journalist who often visits him, says: "I cannot count the times friends razz him about not being a citizen." When Jennings hosted a 1995 program concerning the atom bomb that America dropped on Hiroshima 50 years earlier, he says, some angry viewers "said 'that son of a bitch should get the hell out,' " and "some sent bus fare, saying 'Go back to Canada.' " Jennings cheerfully did just that—resting at his farm while the furor played out.

While he emphasizes that he "adores" the United States, he has some criticisms. There is, he says, "a Canadian notion that influence, not just power, matters in the world. Canadians are hungry to see the rest of the world. It's hard to find American reporters these days who want to be foreign correspondents." Jennings was particularly troubled by the reaction in May when German-owned Daimler-Benz announced its takeover of Chrysler. "Even among very intelligent Americans, you sense a bit of xenophobia," he says. "I noticed that even at our own editorial meetings. Maybe we [Canadians] are just more accustomed to having others own pieces of our property."

In fact, Sarah Jennings says: "If anything, Peter has become more Canadian than ever in the past 15 years." One reason is Jennings's two children, Christopher, 16, and Elizabeth, 18, from a previous marriage. Jennings bought his Ottawa-area farm close to a decade ago to ensure that the New York-raised children would be in touch with their roots. His ties to Canada also deepened in the wake of the death six years ago of his mother—an elegant and strong-willed figure who was deeply loved by both children. That left Sarah as his immediate family—and the two had not been very close as children. "After Mother died, I worried that Pete might drift off," Sarah says. "Instead, we grew much closer—and he is more devoted than ever to home."

Today, Jennings worries about changes in television journalism: networks are losing viewers, news divisions are cutting spending, and there are more "lite 'n' brite" stories. "I'm not sure I would be so excited to get into TV these days," he says. He adds that he could give up his job easily enough—provided he found something else to stop him from becoming restless. He muses: "I would like to be something like the head of UNICEF." He adds, less seriously: "I love the Ottawa Valley; perhaps Max Keeping [anchor of CJOH] would let me do his job."

For all that, Jennings will likely continue doing exactly what he now does for some time. He stays fit through canoeing, skiing, sailing and tennis. He looks at least 15 years less than his age, with an energy level to match. Time has taught him what he is—and is not. "I am not an intellectual," he says. "I have a good quality by TV standards, which is to reduce complicated ideas to literal or literate packages which people can understand." After close to 40 years in the business, Jennings remains passionate about news—and new experiences. "I would die if I had to stop travelling, and learning new things," he says. And it would be hard to imagine American television without one of its greatest icons—and its most unabashedly pro-Canadian cheerleader. □

On the biggest beats

Morley Safer has never played it safe as a reporter

BY ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH





le Vietnam; and eow: his work in that country, says Robert MacNeil, 'was typical of Morley: he wades ie where others would not dare'

AT 4 PM ONE RECENT WEEKDAY, MORLEY SAFER WAS DOING what comes unnaturally—starting to count the days until his month-long summer vacation. "Every once in a while the job hits you in the face," said the Toronto-born-and-bred Safer, one of the longest-serving co-hosts (at 28 years) of the CBS newsmagazine *60 Minutes*. "Lately, I've been on a marathon run." True by any measure. As usual that week, Safer was in the office every morning by 7:30, and would not leave before that hour at night. He had just finished editing one piece due to air immediately, was working on three others in various stages, and juggling, Safer said, "about a dozen" proposals that might or might not ever get to air. "The rule here," said Safer, lighting another in a chain of cigarettes, "is that there is no such thing as a surefire story." In a reference to 75-year-old executive producer Don Hewitt, the 66-year-old Safer added: "You never know when that old bugger will surprise you."

In the 30th-anniversary year of the show that CBS bills as "the most widely watched in the history of television"—based on its average viewing audience and number of years on the air—perhaps the biggest surprise is the ability of its cast to make the show interesting and informative week after week. Again this year, *60 Minutes*, airing on CBS in the United States and CanWest Global in Canada, has finished in the top 10 in overall ratings, often attracting more than 20 million viewers. Its trademark symbol, a ticking stopwatch, may be the most familiar single image in television.

As always, the program's key figures—led by Hewitt, 80-year-old Mike Wallace and Safer—take on large institutions, conventional wisdom and each other, with gleeful abandon. Over the years, the show has, for example, confronted Bill and Hillary Clinton about his alleged extramarital affairs, conducted an expose in 1990 of an incident in which Israeli paramilitary police opened fire on Palestinian youth, killing 17 of them, and, in 1995, questioned whether terminally ill patients on life support should be given a drug that preserves their organs for transplant—while hastening death.

The irreverence of the *60 Minutes* team extends towards each other. "Morley," says Wallace with a grin, "may yet become something in this business." Says Hewitt, in similar spirit: "The only quality lacking in Morley is his reluctance to accept that I am always right." In their intensely competitive environment, a healthy ego also helps. "This has never been an easy place to work, and if it becomes so, we will be in big trouble," says Safer, referring to the sometimes heated battles among the show's principals over airtime and stories.

Safer has thrived through tenacity and well-honed reporter's skills. But it was a twist of fate that attracted CBS. A University of British Columbia dropout, he worked at several media organizations in Canada and England before being hired by Reuters wire service in its London bureau. In 1955, he was offered a correspondent's job in the CBC's London bureau, and worked there nine years. "I had no thoughts of working anywhere else," he recalls. As is the custom, the network brought its correspondents home for a televised discussion on world events. The anchor, Stanley Burke, sent a tape to CBS, hoping for a job offer. Instead, CBS offered Safer *their* London bureau.

In 1965, CBS sent Safer to Saigon to open a new bureau—as American military involvement was becoming controversial. Safer stayed two years, and his reports won a string of awards. He later wrote about his experiences in the acclaimed best-seller *Flashbacks on Returning to Vietnam*, published in 1990. Says Safer's friend, fellow television journalist and Canadian Robert MacNeil: "Vietnam was typical of Morley: he wades in where others would not dare." Safer's reporting drew the ire of senior political figures, including President Lyndon Johnson. As writer David Halberstam recounted in his book *The Powers that Be*, Johnson was incensed when a Safer report showed how U.S. troops brutalized Vietnamese civilians, using Zippo lighters to torch their huts. He demanded a check on Safer: even the Royal Canadian Mounted Police were enlisted to investigate his family. Wrote Halberstam: "Told by aides that Safer was not a Communist—as he suspected—but simply Canadian, the president said, 'Well, I knew he wasn't an American.'"

In 1970, when Hewitt needed an on-air figure for his fledgling *60 Minutes*, he had, he recalls, "one name on my list—Morley." Hewitt says, Safer "was—and remains—the most elegant figure in television journalism." His avuncular manner, literate writing and Canadian accent—slightly exotic to American ears—provided a counterpoint to Wallace, with his aggressive interview style. The two are the program's longest-serving stars. Says Wallace: "Morley is one of the most gifted writers ever to tell a story on television."

As is the mandate at *60 Minutes*, Safer looks beyond the day's headlines for stories. His pieces range from celebrity profiles—"the thing I dislike the most"—to slice-of-life features to the hard-hitting exposés for which the show is most famous. The episode of which he is most proud, he says, aired in December, 1983, and revealed new evidence resulting in the release from prison of Lenell Geter, an engineer wrongly convicted of armed robbery and sentenced to life. Such work has earned Safer 11 Emmys and led to him being named a knight of the French government's Order of Arts and Letters in 1995.

Safer credits his success to qualities springing from his Canadian upbringing. "We came out of a pretty demanding, strict, rigorous on-the-job training at the CBC," he says. And, he adds, "Canada, as a small country, has a greater interest in foreign affairs. Here, the focus is on America's place in the world." Still a Canadian citizen, Safer says he feels "stateless. I am not American, whatever that is. I cannot say 'we' in the collective national sense." He adds: "I feel Canadian, to the extent that I am one, but it is more than three decades since I lived there." That outsider's sense, Safer says, helps him because "I bring a different perspective, and I have no vested interests."

Safer's Canadian links have become more frail over the years. His wife, Jane, a consultant, to whom he has been married 30 years, is an American citizen, as is his daughter, Sarah, 26, a television journalist with a New York City cable station. Safer has an older brother, Leon, and a sister, Esther, in Toronto, and returns several times a year. He is in touch with some old friends—including novelist Mordecai Richler. The two, who met in the 1960s in London, were reunited when Safer interviewed Richler for a *60 Minutes* segment ridiculing Quebec's language laws. The piece, Quebec Premier Lucien Bouchard conceded, was largely responsible for a damage-control visit that Bouchard made in May to the United States. Safer says he was "amused" by the response in Quebec, but adds: "I found it a real eye-opener to discover that a Canadian province would go to such lengths on language."

In a profession that makes a fetish of youth, Safer takes pride in his shopworn appearance. "You'd never get on TV today with a mug like mine," he remarks. Safer bemoans much of today's television programming, saying that it makes him feel "annoyed, angry and abused as a viewer." He taps out scripts on a manual typewriter, avoids computers when possible, and is a throwback to when tobacco and whisky were essential for a newsman. He beams as he recalls that with Richler, "we put away a bloody impressive amount of single malt."

Safer has no plans to retire—and the network is in no hurry to see him step down. "Morley," says Andrew Heyward, the president of CBS News, "is in that small group of journalists whose name will always live on." Despite his comfort with his age, Safer seems vaguely bewildered that his energy is trapped inside a sixtysomething man. "I swear that if I ignore the mirror, I feel about 30," he says, then amends himself: "Well, maybe 40—but that's it, *tops*." Like the *60 Minutes* stopwatch, Safer shows no sign of winding down. □

COVER

Resisting the lure of the U.S. networks



Kent: coming home cost 'a huge amount in straight income,' but 'I wanted my daughter to live in Canada'

At home with the news

IN HIS WORDS, PETER Mansbridge was "as good as gone." It was 1988, and the deal proposed by CBS was tantalizing: Mansbridge would co-host the CBS morning show based in New York City, with a three-year contract at $750,000 ($1 million Canadian) a year. The terms of the deal—which became public—prompted speculation that Mansbridge would eventually succeed Dan Rather as evening news anchor. Then, CBC incumbent anchor Knowlton Nash made a remarkable offer: if Mansbridge would stay, Nash would hand over his job. Mansbridge remained, for a salary of about one-third the CBS offer. Since then, he says other than a period in the early 1990s when the CBC was enduring deep budget cuts, "I have never regretted the decision."

While the dollars are always greener on the other side of the border, Mansbridge is not alone in resisting the lure of American television. Another high-profile example is Global news anchor Peter Kent, who has twice come home despite big money opportunities. Others who left and returned include CBC reporters Henry Champ and Brian Stewart, and CTV parliamentary reporter Diana Bishop. Some, such as CBC's Wendy Mesley, were courted by the American networks—in Mesley's case, twice by ABC—but stayed put. "I feel very good about journalism in Canada," says Mesley. "I don't think more money and perks compensate for losing that feeling. Too many American news shows are tabloid trash."

COVER

Such thinking may make Mesley a minority among Canadian journalists. A senior news executive at an American network says: "I could staff my division through applications from Canadians." Canadian Fiona Conway, a senior producer of ABC's *Good Morning America*, says she has been "flooded" with pleas from colleagues since beginning her job in February. The lures include bigger salaries, lower taxes and more career opportunities.

All that raises one obvious question: why stay? For Mansbridge, there were several reasons. The CBS morning show was—and is—third in the ratings, plagued by low morale and frequent staff turnover. On the positive side, Mansbridge says, his anchor's position "is to me the best job in Canadian journalism." And while Mansbridge, who recently signed a new five-year contract, earns far less than he would in the United States, he says smilingly that his salary—an estimated $300,000 a year—is "something no one would complain about."

Then there is Kent, whose career exemplifies the expression "roving reporter." The 54-year-old's stops includes two stints at CTV, NBC and the CBC, and turns as a foreign correspondent in London and Africa, Asia and Central America. When he was CBC's Africa correspondent in the 1970s, Kent was exposed to the huge resources of the American networks when it came to covering major stories. "I wanted to be the guy offering rides on my chartered jet instead of hitching them," he says. When NBC offered him a job at their African bureau, he jumped. Two years later, fed up with lack of airtime, he returned to Canada to host the CBC's flagship current affairs show, *The Journal*.

In 1984, Kent left the CBC again because, he said, he felt he had been paid enough money by taxpayers and "didn't feel right asking for more money." He worked in Miami and London for NBC, and let his contract lapse in 1990 after a year in which he was on the road more than 220 days and "hardly ever saw my wife [South African native Cilla] or daughter [Trilby, now 16]." He returned to North America to host a news show produced by the *Christian Science Monitor*. When that folded in 1992, Kent was examining several offers in the United States when Izzy Asper, CEO of CanWest Global Communications Inc., called. Although Kent says his decision to come back "cost me a huge amount in straight income terms," he did so for two reasons: "Izzy offered me the chance to play a key role in constructing a new national network, and I wanted my daughter to live in Canada."

For some who stay, or come home, the decision can be hard—and in retrospect, troublesome. Keith Morrison, who returned to Canada from NBC amid much fanfare in 1992 to host *Canada A.M.* at CTV, was fired three years later. He returned to the United States, where he works for NBC's *Dateline*, based in California. And Peter Jennings, despite his huge enthusiasm for his native country, has observed some of his fellow Canadians' difficulties with repatriation. He cites colleague Barrie Dunsmore who, after many years at ABC, decided to return to Canada at his wife's urging in 1974—and lasted a year. "People kept asking how he had failed, and refused to believe he would come back voluntarily," Jennings says. "They were more impressed when he came back to the United States." Home may be where the heart is, but it can sometimes also seem a small, confining place.

ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH





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Baer announcing the FTC suit: a victory by Washington would break new legal ground

Intel under the gun

Regulators try to rein in another high-tech titan

They are the titans of the high-tech world. Intel Corp., from its base in the heart of California's Silicon Valley, makes microprocessor chips for more than 80 per cent of the world's personal computers. Farther up the coast, Seattle-based software giant Microsoft Corp. makes the Windows operating system that runs an estimated nine-tenths of personal computers. But after years of market mastery, the dominance of this so-called Wintel group has raised the ire of government regulators. Last month, Microsoft was hit by a landmark U.S. antitrust case. Now, U.S. authorities have turned their gaze to the other half of the desktop-computer duo.

Last week, the U.S. Federal Trade Commission sued Intel for antitrust violations, alleging that Intel deliberately withheld important technical information from three other computer firms to prevent them from developing competing products. Intel argued it was within its rights to withhold information from its rivals. But William Baer, director of the FTC's Bureau of Competition, called Intel's action a "nuclear bomb" designed to wipe out its competitors. "Intel became successful by competing," Baer said in announcing the case. "Once there, it cannot change the rules of the game so that no one else has a shot."

But on the high-tech battleground, Intel's competitive drive is legendary. Former CEO Andrew Grove summed up the company's philosophy in the title of his 1996 best-seller, *Only the Paranoid Survive*. Still, Intel has gone far beyond mere survival. From its founding in 1968, success was almost immediate. Computer giant IBM's decision in 1981 to use Intel chips for its personal computers secured the company's future, and brought phenomenal wealth. Based on the value of its stock, Intel is now worth about $175 billion. It generated profits last year of $10.2 billion on sales of $36.9 billion. That rich and steady profit stream has helped Intel stay ahead of its competitors and fund the enormous cost of developing new products without taking on excessive debt.

Suddenly, however, the ground is shifting under the titan's feet. The lawsuits against Intel and Microsoft mark a historic attempt by the U.S. government to regulate the business of high-technology, where intellectual property and constant innovation are critical assets. "The climate in Washington has changed," says Jim Catty, a technology analyst and president of Corporate Valuation Services Ltd., a Toronto-based company that assesses the value of companies. If successful, Washington's bid to force Intel to provide advance information about its products to every company that asks would break new legal ground, says Catty. Linley Gwennap, editorial director of *Microprocessor Report*, an industry newsletter based in Sunnyvale, Calif., says a victory by antitrust officials could also embolden Intel's adversaries, opening the door to further antitrust troubles and lawsuits from aggrieved competitors.

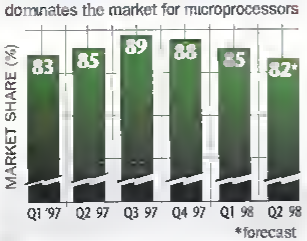
The FTC's ultimate goal is to block Intel from using its dominance in the microprocessor market to control new generations of computer chips. The antitrust cases against Intel and Microsoft, says James Love of the Washington-based Consumer Project on Technology, a group founded by consumer advocate Ralph Nader, "are almost carbon copies." Both seek to address, and redress, what Love calls "the astonishing growth of assertions of intellectual property rights" that are against the public interest.

Both Intel and Microsoft argue that they have used their tremendous profits to bring pioneering new products to market, and that government attempts to regulate high-technology could kill the innovative spark that makes the industry tick. But rather than fostering invention, regulators argue, the two companies are stifling it by hindering competition. Intel's conduct, according to the FTC case, diminishes "incentives to develop new technologies."

The antitrust battle is far from the only problem Intel faces. Its stock price is near its 52-week low because of slowing demand for PCs—despite falling prices. The company recently pushed back the release of its new 64-bit Merced processor, which is aimed at the market for corporate workstations and computers doing heavy duty as network servers. The biggest challenge to the company, Gwennap says, is that consumers are now finding they can run most of the software they want without buying an expensive computer powered by one of Intel's newest and most powerful processors. "If that erosion continues, then Intel's business starts to teeter," he says. Under the circumstances, a little paranoia may be warranted.

A HEALTHY SHARE

Despite increased competition, Intel still dominates the market for microprocessors



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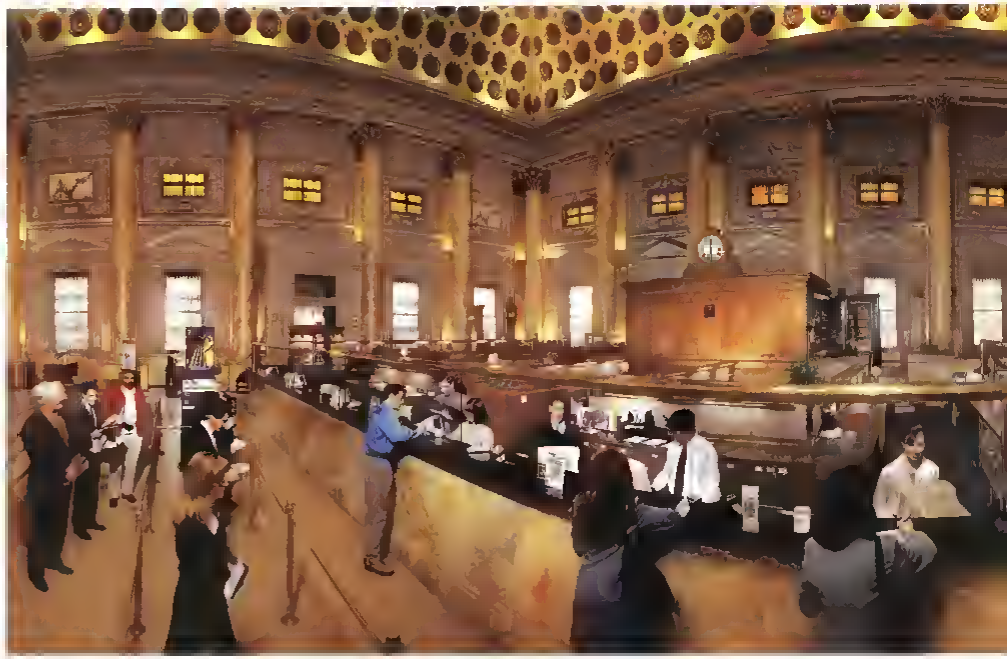
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Maclean's IN-CLASS PROGRAM

Justice

An English murder mystery

BY BARRY CAME

A Canadian's case involves a death, assumed identities and a whiff of incest

They sit within sight of each other on top of the highest hill in Exeter—a grim jail built when Victoria was Queen and a fortress constructed 800 years earlier by William the Conqueror. The trip between Devon County Prison and Rougemont Castle is brief, a matter merely of skirting the old Roman walls in the town in southwestern England and passing into the castle beneath a portcullis flanked by a gaunt Norman tower. It is, however, a journey that will soon become all-too-familiar for Albert Johnson Walker, the 52-year-old high-flying financial entrepreneur from Paris, Ont., who was once Canada's most-wanted man and fourth on Interpol's list of global fugitives. On June 22, Walker, currently held in Exeter's prison, will stand trial within the castle's walls, accused of murder. And as that trial unfolds over the ensuing five to six weeks, it may finally shed some light on an enduring Canadian mystery—a murky tale of a dead body scooped from the sea, double lives and switched identities, gold bars, ghost bank accounts, even a whiff of sexual scandal involving incest.





Walker (left); ex-wife Barbara with daughter Heather and a photo of Sheena- hidden wealth

There are, in fact, not one but two legal proceedings about to commence in Exeter—a High Court criminal trial and a parallel County Court civil action. Both involve the jet-setting Walker who fled Canada in 1990, taking with him as much as $3 million that Canadian authorities allege he bilked from dozens of mostly elderly investors in southwestern Ontario. In the criminal case, British Crown prosecutors will argue that on or about July 21, 1996, the Canadian killed British businessman Ronald J. Platt, then 51, while the two were onboard Walker's seven-metre yacht, sailing in the English Channel near the Devon resort town of Torquay. Walker, the prosecution will contend, first knocked Platt unconscious, then tied a 4.5-kg anchor to his belt and dumped him overboard. He committed the deed, according to the Crown, in order to eliminate the man whose identity he had assumed. "It is difficult to conceive of a stronger motive for the defendant to get rid of Platt, who had returned to haunt him," prosecutor James Townsend told the 1997 preliminary hearing that resulted in Walker's committal for trial on charges of murder.

Even as criminal action begins, a battery of British lawyers is to appear in Exeter County Court within the next few weeks, seeking permission to seize Walker's known assets in Britain, a cache currently in the possession of the Devon and Cornwall Constabulary that includes as much as $300,000 in cash, gold bars, oil paintings, prepaid credit card balances and his sailboat, the Lady Jane. "We think there's a lot more money and assets around, maybe another million or two still unaccounted for," said London, Ont.-based lawyer Angelo D'Ascanio, a member of the transatlantic legal team that is acting on behalf of KPMG Inc., the professional services organization acting as trustee in Walker's bankruptcy and that of his now-defunct Ontario business empire. "The police have receipts for $125,000 in gold bars that have never been found," says D'Ascanio. "And we have good reason to believe that Walker controlled around 40 different accounts in more than two dozen banks in the U.K., Switzerland, other places in Europe, and the Cayman Islands in the Caribbean."

While D'Ascanio refused to speculate about the outcome of the impending murder trial, the businessman's bankruptcy trustees are clearly concerned about the possibility of Walker gaining release from custody only to disappear again before he can be brought to trial in Canada, where he faces 18 counts of theft, fraud and money laundering. "Let's just say we feel it prudent to have Walker's assets in our hands right now," said D'Ascanio. In pursuit of that goal,

KPMG's lawyers went to court in London, Ont., in April. Last month, Ontario Court Justice Edward Browne granted the firm permission to corral Walker's international assets after ruling that those assets had been acquired through "misappropriation from Ontario creditors."

If Walker's financial woes appear daunting, however, they pale in comparison to the personal challenge he faces when he appears before British High Court Justice Neil Butterfield in Rougemont Castle on June 22, accused of murdering Ronald Platt. Since Walker's arrest on Oct. 31, 1996, a 50-member team of detectives drawn from two British regional police forces has, according to Sgt. Simon Chapman of the Devon and Cornwall Constabulary, "expended a tremendous amount of time, energy and money on the case." Police have taken 617 statements, seized 1,150 potential exhibits and entered 480 documents as evidence.

The 12 members of the jury who will decide Walker's fate will listen to that evidence presented by a total of 55 witnesses, summoned either by prosecutor Charles Barton, a Bristol-based barrister, or Gordon Pringle, the London barrister who is conducting Walker's defence. "It won't be like one of your American trials with a lot of legal technicalities," said a spokesman in Barton's office. "We'll get right down into it from the first or second day, as soon as the jury is empanelled."

Among the witnesses scheduled to appear for the prosecution is Walker's 22-year-old daughter Sheena. She disappeared with her father in 1990, when she was 15. She did not resurface again until Walker's arrest six years later in the hamlet of Woodham Walter in Essex, 100 km northeast of London. By then, she was the mother of two young daughters, Emily, who was 3 at the time, and Lily, 11 months old. The paternity of the two children has never been firmly established. But their British birth certificates list murder victim Ronald Joseph Platt as the father. Walker and his daughter were known among their neighbors in Woodham Walter as husband and wife, calling themselves Mr. and Mrs. Platt.

Precisely what role Sheena has to play in the prosecutor Barton's case remains unclear. The young woman and her two daughters returned to Canada after Walker's arrest, where they were reunited with Sheena's mother—and Walker's ex-wife—Barbara Walker, who still lives in the family home in Paris, Ont., along with the couple's three other children. But Sheena's appearance in Rougemont Castle is likely to be one of the more electrifying moments in the upcoming trial.



TORBAY HERALD

The trawler Malkerry. a Rolex watch on a body dredged from the English Channel identified the victim

It may also offer a glimpse into the events that transpired during the six years that elapsed after Walker and his daughter, ostensibly on a Christmas skiing trip in Europe, simply dropped from sight. The prosecution's entire case is based on the central premise that Walker was moved to murder Platt to protect the new identity he had assumed during his flight from Canadian justice. Barton will argue, as his junior, Townsend, did during pre-trial hearings last year, that Walker befriended Platt and his girlfriend, Elaine Boyes, persuaded the couple to move to Canada in 1993, then assumed Platt's identity. But Platt and Boyes returned from Canada in 1995 and, according to the prosecution, threatened to unravel the new life that Walker had built for himself and his daughter. It alleges that the onetime financial adviser from small town Ontario dealt with the danger by luring Platt aboard the Lady Jane, then tossing his unconscious body, weighted by the sailboat's anchor, into the English Channel.

Sheena Walker's role in the trial of her father remains unclear

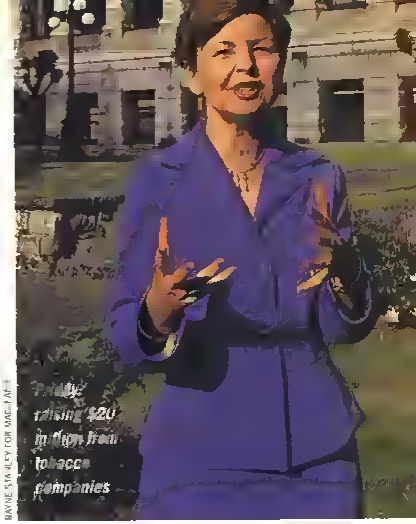
But the prosecution's case is almost entirely circumstantial—which may help to explain the edginess of the team of bankruptcy lawyers. There are no witnesses to what transpired on the day Platt drowned in the Channel. Six, seven, perhaps eight days later, his battered, decomposed body was dragged by chance from the sea in the net of the Torquay-based trawler Malkerry. An anchor came up with it, but it was not attached. The victim would never have even been identified were it not for a Rolex watch on his wrist. Its serial number led police to Platt's address, where they found the man living under Platt's name.

British police investigators have assembled a huge mountain of evidence that, they claim, incriminates Walker. A battalion of experts will testify about tides and currents, about traces of anchor zinc on Platt's belt and samples of the dead man's blood and hair aboard the Lady Jane. The boat's GPS—global positioning satellite—logs have been examined to place the vessel near where Platt likely died. Telephone records have been combed, bank accounts traced, movements reconstructed. In the end, however, Albert Johnson Walker's ultimate fate will rest with the 12 men and women selected to sit on the jury in the old Norman castle on the top of the hill in Exeter. □

A fee to sell smokes

In a move welcomed by anti-smoking activists, British Columbia became the first province to announce licensing fees for tobacco companies selling their products within its borders. B.C. Health Minister Penny Priddy said that with earnings in the province estimated at $90 million last year, the companies can afford fees expected to total roughly $20 million annually. The money will be used to offset the cost of anti-smoking campaigns, she said. "Tobacco companies spend millions of dollars each year encouraging kids to start smoking," she said, noting that the average age for British Columbians to take up the habit is 15.5 years.

The manufacturers said they would be considering a legal challenge. "We certainly would like to have a close look at the legislation here and so would our counsel," said Janet Hatfield, a public affairs official at Toronto's RJR MacDonald Inc. office. Rothmans, Benson & Hedges Inc. spokesman John McDonald called the fees "just another veiled tax on a consumer product." But the anti-smoking lobby welcomed the B.C. initiative. "There's no other provincial jurisdiction that has been going after the industry as aggressively as B.C.," said Garfield Mahood, executive director of the Non-Smokers Rights Association. In Manitoba, Health Minister Darren Praznik said the other provinces will be watching what happens in British Columbia closely. "We've all talked about doing that," Praznik said.


Priddy: raising $20 million from tobacco companies

WAYNE STAYLEY FOR MACLEAN'S

Fatigue disease

In a groundbreaking decision, the Quebec college of physicians has recognized chronic fatigue syndrome as an illness. Its move last week follows an Alberta court ruling in March that recognized the debilitating syndrome as a physical rather than a psychological condition. In Quebec, college president Dr. Roch Bernier said he hoped the new recognition will help the estimated 30,000 sufferers of the controversial disease in Canada obtain sick leave and long-term disability benefits. Employers, insurance companies and courts "must adapt," he added.

Cancer controversy

Controversy swirled around Italian cancer doctor Luigi Di Bella as he visited Canada last week to defend his treatment, an unorthodox cocktail of established cancer-fighting drugs, hormones and vitamins. In March, under pressure from members of the Italian-Canadian community who have been campaigning for official approval of his therapy, four Canadian doctors travelled to Italy to examine Di Bella's claims. He says his treatment, although not a cure, halts the growth of tumors. But the visiting doctors reported there was no scientific basis to recommend clinical trials in Canada. Di Bella, 85, who has used his treatment for 25 years, countered last week that the doctors' four-day visit was too hurried. "With the amount of time they spent with me," he said, "they could not have come up with conclusive evidence."

Lowering the limits

High-blood-pressure patients who have been striving to get their diastolic number—the pressure between heart beats—down to 90 should be going even farther, according to a five-year international study. Led by the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor and released last week at the annual meeting of the International Society of Hypertension in Amsterdam, the study concludes that patients can significantly reduce their risk of heart attack by aiming for 80—which is 10 points lower than doctors traditionally advise.

Blood pressure is generally considered healthy if the systolic level—measuring the pressure of the blood flow when the heart beats—is 120 and the diastolic level is 80. But 90 has been the target for diastolic pressure for hypertensive patients because of fears that going beyond that level could slow the blood supply to the heart and brain too much and perhaps even cause heart attacks or strokes, said Dag Elmseldh, a Swedish professor on the executive committee of the study. Now, the study concludes that lower levels are safe. It found patients who used medication to cut their diastolic pressure from 105 to 83 can reduce the incidence of heart attack by 37 per cent. "What we've learned is that lowering blood pressure just to the point where it isn't 'high' isn't enough," said Dr. Kenneth Jamarson, associate professor of internal medicine at the University of Michigan. The study did not specifically examine systolic blood pressure, although some experts say it is at least as important, if not more so, in determining the risk of cardiovascular disease.

Viagra and deaths

In the wake of 16 deaths in the United States of men who have taken the popular anti-impotence drug Viagra, doctors say they are cautioning patients about the risks, but that some men just don't care. "I've had a lot of patients say, 'If I have to go, that's the way I want to go out,'" says Dr. Ira Sharlip of San Francisco, an adviser on impotence to the American Urological Association. The drug still awaits approval for use in Canada. And while the U.S. Food and Drug Administration stressed there is no evidence that Viagra itself is to blame for the deaths, it posted information about them on its Internet site in response to intense public interest in the drug.

Seven of the men died during or just after sex. Three were taking Viagra at the same time as nitroglycerine, which is used to treat heart disease. Doctors avoid prescribing the two drugs simultaneously because the mix can cause a deadly decline in blood pressure. But Dr. William Steers, the University of Virginia's urology chairman, says he has found two patients so desperate to try Viagra that they dishonestly claimed they were not taking nitroglycerine. "Men value sexuality over general health," Steers added. "They are going to have this regardless of the consequences."

One expert on heart attack risks, Dr. James Muller of the University of Kentucky, advises sedentary heart disease patients to "really think twice about using Viagra" until they enrol in a doctor-approved exercise program.



Parents of the learning disabled fight for rights

Battling the system

BY ROBERT SHEPPARD

The Midnight Bingos belied their name by the time the last enthusiast had left and the mopping up was done, the events usually ran until 2 a.m., often on a weeknight. But for five years, a handful of parents in Prince Albert, Sask., organized themselves into a charity and ran the bingo evenings—each family donating five nights a month, calling on friends and relatives to help—in order to pay for specialized teaching assistants at their children's public school. They were not ordinary families or ordinary children. For reasons that science is only now beginning to understand, these children were unable to read or, in some cases, process numbers the way other kids could. Bright enough in other respects, they had a learning block that prevented them from remembering and understanding often basic words. By the mid-1990s, the bingo families had expanded to 12, to 26 and then to 45. Last month, six of them gained the dubious distinction of being the first in Canada to ask a judge to declare that their children are not being taught in a way they can learn. "We are asking the court to declare that their right to an education is being breached," says Saskatoon lawyer Robert Kennedy, acting on behalf of the families who cannot be named. "If it won't tell the school boards exactly what to do, at least tell them they have to do something."

In going to court, these families join the growing ranks of parents seeking to get more specialized education for their children in public schools, demands that have sparked a wave of litigation in the United States, and also a backlash. About to decide whether the case should proceed to full trial, Judge G. A. Smith of the Saskatchewan Court of Queen's Bench is being asked to determine whether learning disabilities are indeed a legally identifiable disorder. Is there a particular program for conditions that can range from a pronounced inability to read to attention deficits and hyperactivity? And, indeed, do the courts have the right to meddle in what may be a matter of educational philosophy?

Back up to 1992. The Concerned Parents for Children with Learning Disabilities, a group that now represents about 100 families in the Prince Albert area, felt they had found the answer in Calgary's Foothills Academy, an innovative private school specializing in intensive, small-class instruction for those with severe reading and organizational disorders. Having raised the money to fly provincial school officials to Calgary, the parents convinced the local boards to start a pilot project in Prince Albert that fali using many of the Foothills techniques. At first, local authorities were keen on the project, called the Carlton Connection after the Prince Albert school it is housed in. "It is the Saskatchewan way," says Shirley Gange, director of education for the area's now-amalgamated Saskatchewan Rivers School District, the fifth largest in the province. "We like to help each other." The boards offered the classroom space and two special education teachers. The $50,000 the parents raised each year through bingos and donations subsidized two teaching assistants who helped with the individualized lessons for as many as 28 students in Grades 7, 8 and 9.

But last fall, when the parents said they could not maintain their financial commitment and requested that the program be expanded to other grades and more students, the boards took over the project and, the parents claim, scaled it back, leading to the lawsuit in September against the province and the four local school boards. According to LaVonne Beriault, director of legal services for the Saskatchewan School Trustees Association and the lawyer acting for the school boards, this fight is over more than resources. In order to meet the parents' wishes and establish more segregated programs for the learning disabled, Beriault says, "we would have to be quite convinced that was the right thing to do. Our whole system is based on inclusion, not exclusion."

The Learning Disabilities Association of Canada, an Ottawa-based lobby group, estimates that 10 per cent of the Canadian population have a lifelong learning disorder, and another approximately five per cent can have related attention deficit problems. The conditions have been broadly identified by educators for 30 years. But even today, the association says, most public-school boards tend to diagnose and deal with only about three per cent of the school population as learning disabled. In the United States, where so-called LD students are protected by a federal law, a larger proportion—closer to five per cent by some accounts—have been placed in customized, publicly funded courses. Critics complain that fast-track parents are angling for learning disability designations to give their children the best in individualized instruction, as well as a leg up—extra time and help on entrance tests—when competing for prestigious spots in professional schools.

To date, the Canadian scene has been much different. But that may change as parents grow increasingly frustrated with the inability of many schools to deal adequately with problem learners. Last December, three Yukon families with learning disabled children withdrew a complaint before the Human Rights Commission after the territorial government agreed to reimburse them for sending their children to Calgary's Foothills Academy. In doing so, the territorial government tacitly acknowledged that it could not provide the special education that the children required.

And in Wolfville, N.S., last month, the Annapolis Valley regional school board was ordered to pay $26,000 in tuition for Justin Farquhar to attend the private Landmark East School, one of two residential schools in the province serving the learning disabled. Fourteen-year-old Farquhar, who is hyperactive and has attention deficit disorder, had been attending the school with the help of bursaries and donations from friends and neighbors. The Annapolis Valley board had said it could not use public funds to pay private-school tuition—although it was within its discretion to do so—largely because it was using the money to develop its own special needs program. But Darlene Farquhar, Justin's mother, won a rare reprieve from a newly established ministerial review panel.

Yude Henteleff, a prominent Winnipeg lawyer who has been a tireless advocate for the learning disabled, says there have been a handful of Supreme Court rulings that appear to advance the cause. Last year, for example, the Supreme Court ultimately ruled against the Ontario parents of Emily Eaton, a severely disabled girl with cerebral palsy, who wanted their daughter placed in a mainstream classroom. But as the late Justice John Sopinka noted in passing: "Special education for students with learning disabilities indicates the positive aspects of segregated education placement. Integration can be either a benefit or a burden depending on whether the individual can profit from the advantages that integration provides."

But budget realities have left cash-strapped school boards retrenching, spreading scarce special-education resources more thinly across a wider group of needy students. Henteleff says he has been increasingly called upon to mediate disputes between parents of special-needs children and those of extremely bright or "gifted" children. An unforgiving critic of special education programs, Henteleff says it is time-consuming and costly to agitate for more help in the public system. "There is a whole process of deception which goes on," says Henteleff. "And the system wears you out."

In Prince Albert, the Carlton School still offers middle-school education for up to 28 severely learning disabled kids—a tiny fraction of the approximately 8,400 students in the Rivers School District, and a fraction of those who apply. And it continues to use many of the Foothills techniques, according to education director Gange. At the same time, the board is offering instruction in other schools for students with emotional, behavioral or second-language problems. Still, Gange says the school board cannot afford a separate multi-grade school for the learning disabled, which is what she believes the Concerned Parents were asking for. And although that is not the parents' current legal position, there is no doubt that it is still their dream. □

The terms of a disability

What is a learning disability? The parents' case in Prince Albert, borrowing from current academic literature, explains: "Such disorders may be manifested by delays in early development and/or difficulties in any of the following areas: attention, memory, reasoning, co-ordination, communicating, reading, writing, spelling, calculation, social competence and emotional maturation. Learning disabilities may arise from genetic variations, biochemical factors, events in the pre-to-perinatal period, or any other subsequent events resulting in neurological impairment."

Descriptions of the most common disabilities:

Dyslexia: Extreme difficulty in understanding the sounds of words and confusing those that are similar.

Dyscalculia: Problems with understanding shapes and mathematical symbols.

Dysgraphia: Extreme difficulty with the act of writing.

Attention deficit disorder/Attention deficit hyperactivity disorder commonly known as **ADD** or **ADHD**: Extreme distractibility and inability to follow through with simple tasks.

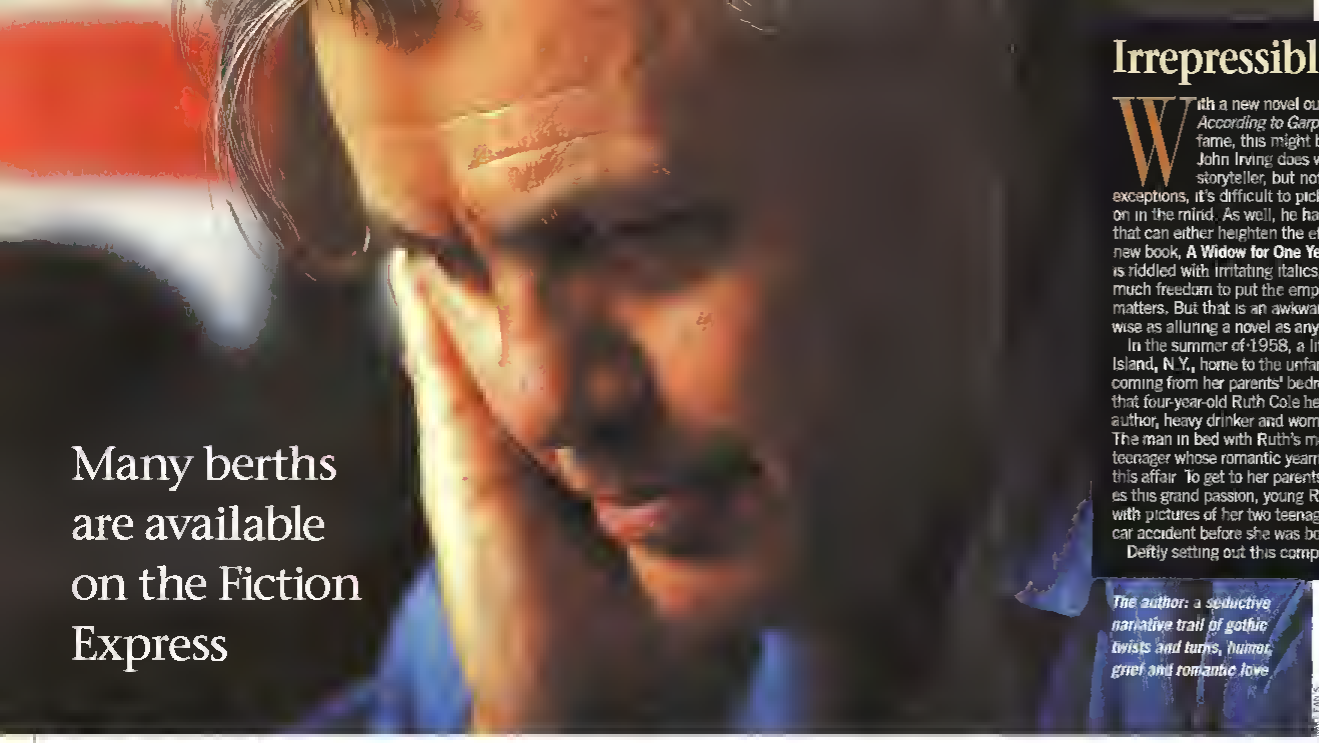
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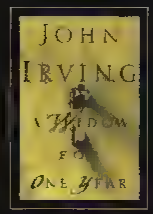
Booking a summer passage

Irrepressible Irving

With a new novel out, and the reissue of *The World According to Garp* marking 20 years of literary fame, this might be the time to ponder just how John Irving does what he does. He is a fabulous storyteller, but not a prose stylist. With very few exceptions, it's difficult to pick out an Irving phrase that lives on in the mind. As well, he has always used stylistic devices that can either heighten the effect or cause a migraine. His new book, **A Widow for One Year** (Knopf Canada, $34.95), is riddled with irritating italics, which doesn't give the reader much freedom to put the emphasis where it individually matters. But that is an awkward curiosity in what is otherwise as alluring a novel as any Irving has written.

In the summer of 1958, a little girl wakes up in her Long Island, N.Y., home to the unfamiliar sounds of lovemaking coming from her parents' bedroom. It's her mother, all night, that four-year-old Ruth Cole hears, but her father, a children's author, heavy drinker and womanizer, is sleeping elsewhere. The man in bed with Ruth's mother is Eddie, a handsome teenager whose romantic yearnings will be forever marked by this affair. To get to her parents' bedroom, where she witnesses this grand passion, young Ruth pads down a hallway hung with pictures of her two teenage brothers whose deaths in a car accident before she was born shape her own destiny.

Deftly setting out this complex scenario in one short opening burst, Irving maps out a narrative trail that is seductive and absorbing as he tells the story of Ruth. *A Widow for One Year* bears several similarities to *The World According to Garp*—the loss of a child in a car accident, gothic twists and turns (a chunk of the novel takes place in the prostitute subculture of Amsterdam), wonderful comic scenes and an empathic portrayal of a woman whose independence and troubled character make her a complicated feminist heroine.



Ruth becomes a successful novelist who has never got over the fact that her mother, crippled by grief over her sons' deaths, eventually abandoned her. Irving examines the tenacious hold that both grief and romantic love can exert, and offers a resolution that for him is surprisingly tender.

In a burst of literary bravado, he has made all four of his main characters writers, perhaps so that he can slyly answer his own critics, who have accused him of repetition, triteness and a dearth of ideas. At one point, Ruth explains her technique: "I don't have any ideas. I begin with the characters, which leads me to the problems that the characters are prone to have, which yields a story—every time." Only John Irving, at the very top of his game, could make it sound this simple.

JUDITH TIMSON

The author: a seductive narrative trail of gothic twists and turns, humor, grief and romantic love

PHOTO BY JEAN S

Anne Tyler often describe how small changes radically alter the lives of her eccentric but always engaging characters. **A Patchwork Planet** (Penguin, $32) features Barnaby Gaitlin, a divorced ne'er-do-well from a rich family who is just beginning to realize that he may be the author of his own troubles. Nearly 30, he has been working steadily at odd jobs for elderly clients while trying halfheartedly to be a weekend dad to his young daughter. Fate intervenes in the form of Sophia, who develops a romantic interest in him. Told from Barnaby's skewed point of view, the story is shot through with humor and insight, right up to its surprising, satisfying end.

Lynn Coady is a Nova Scotian now based in Vancouver. But her fictional territory remains her native Cape Breton, a place that may be the source of her novel's title, **Strange Heaven** (Goose Lane, $17.95). The details seem grim: 17-year-old Bridget has given up a baby for adoption and is recovering from depression in a Halifax psychiatric ward. At home, her parents cope with Bridget's senile grandmother and mentally handicapped uncle. Her friends drink crazily. But Coady, with a Roddy Doyle-ish gift for punchy dialogue, gives Bridget a voice to remember—unsentimental, able to squeeze hilarity from despair. A coming-of-age story with bite, *Strange Heaven* shows that growing up is always a little hellish.

In **Depth Rapture** (Cormorant, $19.95), another East Coast writer, Carol Bruneau, chronicles the life of a young woman from childhood through university to marriage and motherhood. In these linked short stories—set variously in small-town Nova Scotia, Vancouver and southwestern England—the point of view shifts from the main character, Barbara, to that of her family, friends and, eventually, her husband and daughter. The technique gives the book a rich texture, as the characters experience love, loneliness and luck. Bruneau captures the mundane rhythms and poetic edges of existence, pulling readers along a familiar path while allowing them to see it freshly.

Did she do it? In **Freedom's Just Another Word** (HarperCollins, $26), by Vancouver's Dakota Hamilton, Maggie swears she did not kill her depressed biker husband, Mongrel, even though the police found her mopping up the blood and wiping off the gun. Her story: he shot himself, and she was just going through one of her cleanaholic stages. But as her tale unravels—and it does with every flip of the Tarot card and every new character who forces her to re-examine her past—it becomes possible that Maggie did kill him. This is not a whodunit but a road book, a *Thelma and Louise* story for the late '90s, complete with madcap jailbreak, lonesome highways and healing rituals.

The question, 'Did she do it?' also applies to Richard Price's **Freedomland** (Bantam, $35), a sprawling novel set in the racially tense, fictional city of Dempsy, N.J. An injured white woman stumbles into a hospital emergency room, claiming that a black man has stolen her car—and driven off with her four-year-old son in the back seat. As the media din escalates and hostility grows between black and white, policeman Lorenzo Council searches for the child and grapples with his doubts about the child's mother. Meanwhile, Jesse Haus, a dogged reporter, tries to advance her career by befriending the mother. There are echoes of Tom Wolfe in Price's writing—from the minute descriptions of verbal tics to the larger portrait of the workings of the city's political levers. An engrossing, if overly long, read destined for the big screen.

Anna Quindlen's **Black and Blue** (Random House, $29.95) casts a novelist's eye on the issue of wife battery. Quindlen, a Pulitzer winning *New York Times* columnist, elevates the tale from mere sociology by creating a compelling character in Fran Benedetto. She delivers a matter-of-fact account of her abuse—bruises, broken bones and paralyzing fear. Quindlen's portrait is psychologically acute: when Fran finally leaves her husband, taking her young son with her, she can only warily embrace her new freedom under an assumed identity. A



Bruneau: her tales capture life's mundane rhythms and poetic edges

BETWEEN THE COVERS

sense of foreboding pervades the novel, culminating in a startling and sad ending.

After the traumas of murder, drowning and abuse explored in her two mega-sellers, *The Book of Ruth* and *A Map of the World*, Jane Hamilton's latest work is a relatively placid tale. **The Short History of a Prince** (Random House, $32) follows Walter McCloud, failed dancer, ex-dollhouse salesman and gay man, as he moves from New York City to Wisconsin to become a high-school teacher. The narrative alternates between the adult Walter—witty, eccentric and emotionally adrift—to an adolescent Walter who is passionate about ballet and desperately in love with a male classmate. Looming large is the memory of Walter's older brother, who died of Hodgkin's disease at 18. While the novel lacks the momentum of her earlier books, Hamilton's consummate skill makes Walter affecting and memorable.

Growing up differently also figures in Joanna Trollope's **Other People's Children** (Fenn, $29.95). Here, the British author explores the tensions and difficulties in merging families. Trollope focuses on three women. Nadine, the natural mother; Josie, the stepmother, and Elizabeth, the would-be stepmother. While the three women all want to make their children comfortable in a blended family, each has her own agenda in this new order. Perceptive and wise, Trollope writes absorbingly about domestic relationships in a shifting world.

A sultry breeze of eroticism wafts through Mary Gordon's **Spending** (Distican, $33) an intelligent, having-it-all fairy tale about a 50ish Manhattan painter struggling to make ends meet. While giving a talk at a gallery, Monica Szabo jokingly asks where the male muses are, the men who will model, cook and provide for artists like herself while stoking their sexual and creative fires. Whereupon a wealthy broker stands up and announces, "Right here." What follows is a graphic romp through their affair, with engaging digressions into art and parenthood. Subtitled *A Utopian Divertimento*, the book has enough realistic turns and wry touches to keep disbelief at bay. A perfect read for independent-minded women—and the men who love them.

Men of a very different sort populate Cormac McCarthy's **Cities of the Plain** (Knopf, $33.50), which completes his Border Trilogy. Like his best-selling *All the Pretty Horses* and *The Crossing*, the new novel serves as a eulogy for the passing of the modern cowboy. Set in the 1950s, this is vintage McCarthy: beautifully crafted language bringing to life a harsh existence. McCarthy's characters refuse to accept defeat. When one is asked what he would choose if he could be anything other than a cowboy, he replies, "I wouldnt be nothin else [*sic*]." This bittersweet lament offers a lyrical, melancholy ride into the sunset.

Clive Barker is best known for some of the most perverse horror stories ever written (his 1984-1985 collection, *Books of Blood*, made Stephen King's tales read like Peter Rabbit). So Barker's latest, **Galilee** (HarperCollins, $34.95), comes as something of a surprise. Billed as a romance, the novel explores two powerful families: a Kennedy-ish clan called Geary, and the Barbarossas, a collection of half-immortals whose alliance with the Gearys leads to nefarious activities. But Barker has not left horror behind: the narrative is founded as much in the goings-on of demon-gods and deranged souls as in bodice-ripping romance conventions. The result is episodic, sexual and highly entertaining. Sounds like summer reading. □

Who's reading what—and why

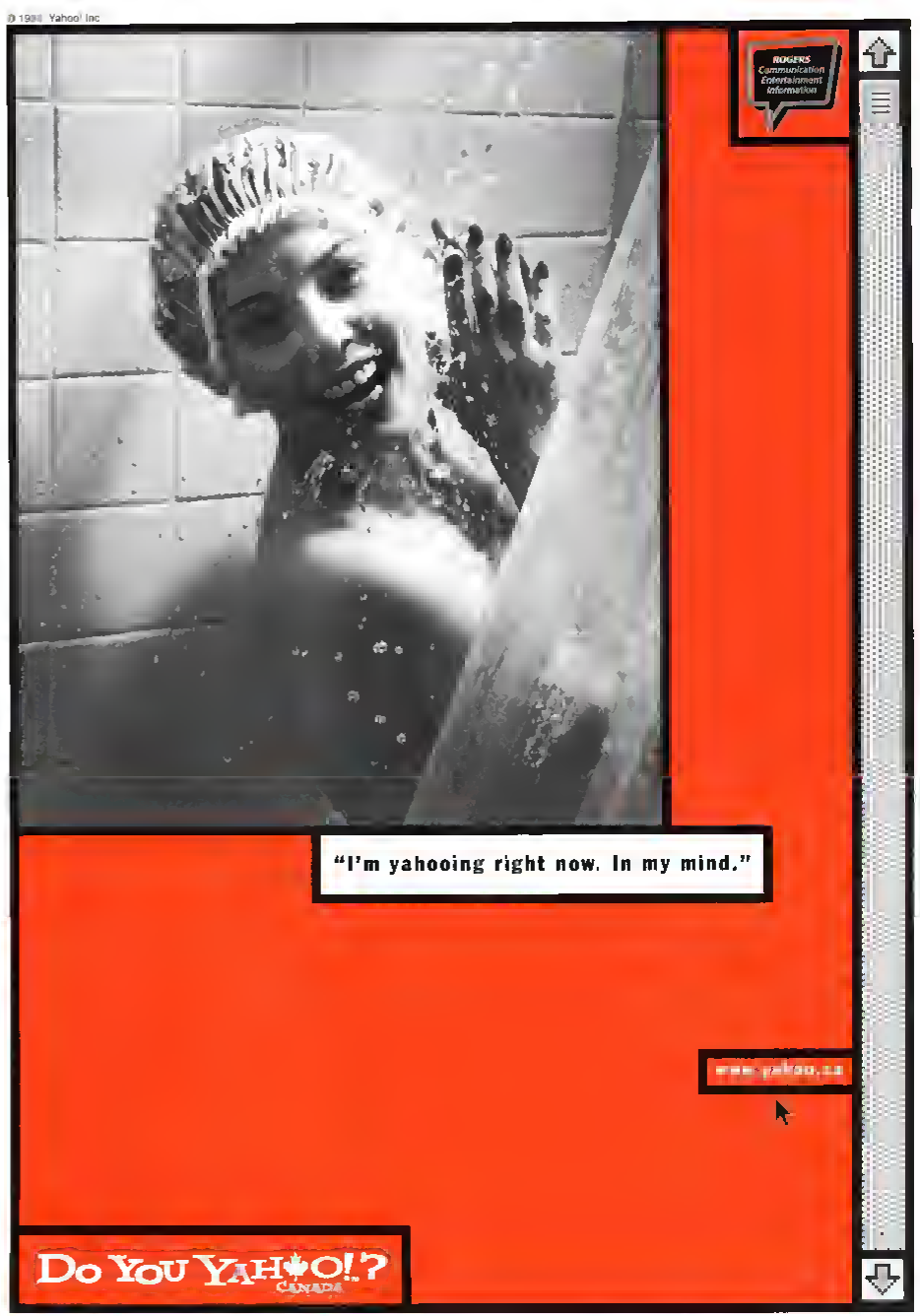
After finishing Ann-Marie MacDonald's *Fall on Your Knees*, Calgary singer **Jann Arden** plans to spend the summer exploring the poetry of Emily Dickinson. "This is a woman who lived by herself, and she writes all these beautiful poems about yearning for love and what love is. And she goes on about death, which suits me quite fine."

Saskatoon novelist **Guy Vanderhaeghe** just finished *Childhood* by Andre Alexis ("stunning for a first novel"), fellow Saskatchewan writer Terry Jordan's *Beneath that Starry Place* ("very impressive") and the short-fiction collection *Olympia* by Dennis Bock ("I liked that an awful lot, too"). Vanderhaeghe reads constantly. "Possibly a little less in the summer. The winter is so long and the summer so short that I tend to spend more time outside in the summer. I read fiction all the time and once in a while take a plunge into biographies or historical writing. I'm not one who's big on beach books."

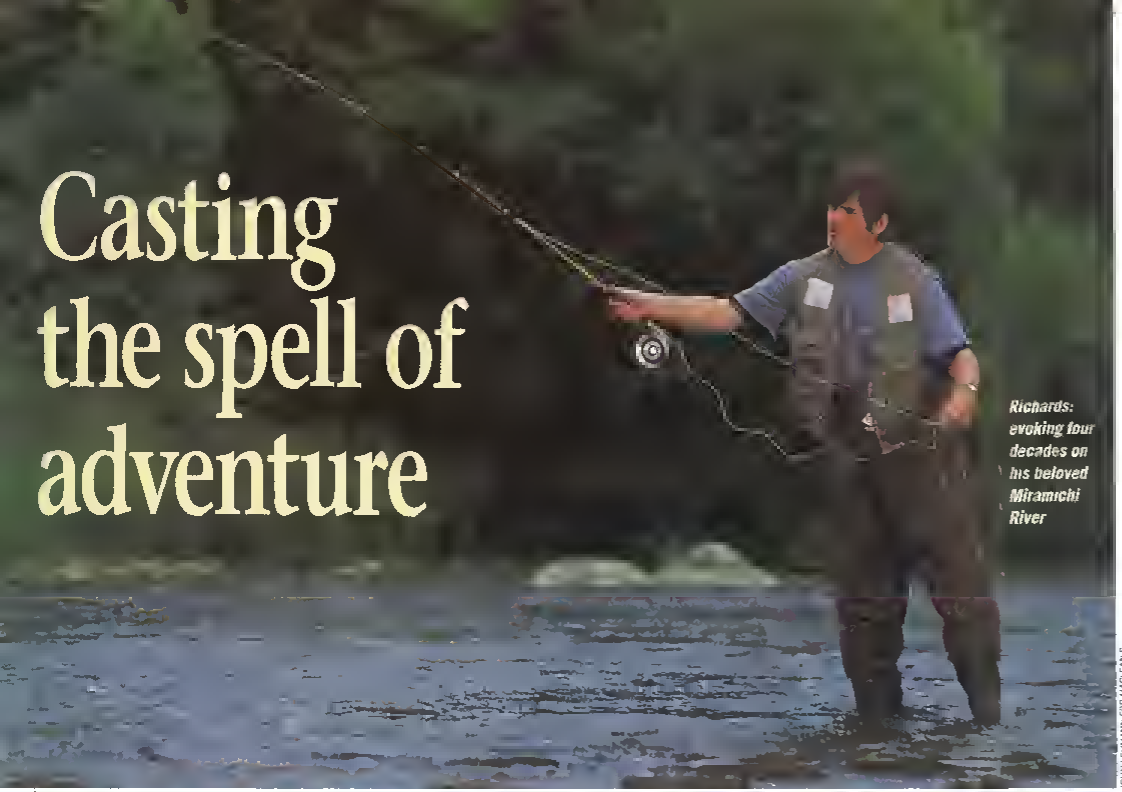
Toronto-based Royal Bank chairman and CEO **John Cleghorn** just finished *Barney's Version* by Mordecai Richler. He's now reading John Irving's *A Widow for One Year*. Next on his list is *The Hungry Spirit: Beyond Capitalism—A Quest for Purpose in the Modern World*, by British management guru Charles Handy. "During the summer, I will be digging into North American history and will have a welcome break from management books."

With Parliament's summer recess, Finance Minister **Paul Martin** will head to his farm in Quebec's Eastern Townships. "What I do is pile up books and either read them at Christmas or in the summer. My favorite spot is on the back porch," He plans to read Laurier LaPierre's biography of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and *What It Takes: The Way to the White House*, Richard Ben Cramer's take on modern U.S. campaigning.

Halifax-based comic **Cathy Jones** just finished David Adams Richards's *Nights Below Station Street* ("He kills me—I think he's a great writer"). And this summer she hopes to get more reading done. "But I have a two-year-old and I'm supposed to be writing a book, so I'm not reading as much as I should be." On her bedside table are *Fresh Vegetable and Fruit Juices*, *The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole*, *Do-It-Yourself Astrology* and *So You Want to Write a Novel*—"because I'm trying to write one."



Casting the spell of adventure



Richards: evoking four decades on his beloved Miramichi River

JOHN LEHMANN FOR MACLEAN'S

Vicarious thrills abound in this season's titles

BY D'ARCY JENISH

Canadians may be proprietors of the world's second largest land mass, the longest coastline on earth and the longest national highway anywhere, but living amid so much geography has not created a nation of world-class wanderers. Quite the opposite, in fact. When it comes to domestic holidays, four out of five Canadians like to stay close to home, according to the latest data available from Statistics Canada. They tend to make short trips, by car, to visit family or friends, or to spend a few days at a nearby cottage. As for activities, walking is the single most popular recreational pursuit—yet more than twice as many Canadians are more likely to go shopping. Ho-hum.

Canadian publishers, to judge from the adventure, travel and sports books they are releasing or distributing this season, are bigger risk takers. They're gambling that as the typical vacationer heads for the beach or sinks into that Muskoka chair at the cottage, he or she may get an itch to read about the adventures of *others*. And they've offered a rich array of possibilities.

BETWEEN THE COVERS

Among them, David Adams Richards's **Lines on the Water: A Fisherman's Life on the Miramichi** (Doubleday, $29.95), is a standout. The novelist from St. John, N.B., who moved to Toronto last year, begins his book with a moving testimonial to the famous New Brunswick salmon-fishing river. "I love my river," he writes. "Each year there are days when the Miramichi shows its greatness—its true greatness—once again. And each year on the river . . . I will meet men and women with a fire of generosity in them . . . that God required old prophets to have."

In spare but elegant prose, Richards writes of his four decades on the Miramichi, beginning with childhood misadventures—a brother once ran a pitchfork through his foot while digging for worms—and ending last summer when he took his son fishing but returned empty-handed. Along the way, he introduces memorable characters such as Henry the poacher, who once shot two moose in deer season and, on another occasion, killed two deer in moose season. And he brings his beloved waters to life. "The Miramichi is a multiple of rivers and streams," Richards writes. "Although one place might remind you of another, all places are essentially different, have their own spirit attached to them."

Two other writers, one Canadian and the other American, have written cross-country fishing odysseys that are as different as minnows and muskies. In **Consider the Fish: Fishing for Canada from Campbell River to Petty Harbour** (Penguin, $29.99), Victoria author Chris Gudgeon declares himself head of a low-budget, one-man Royal Fishin' Commission. In a rollicking style, he describes eight famous piscine locales, from the Grand Banks to Vancouver Island's Campbell River. Maine-based journalist James Dodson uses the breakup of his 11-year marriage as the departure point for **Faithful Travelers: A Father. His Daughter. A Fly-Fishing Journey of the Heart.** (Bantam Books, $31.95). He and seven-year-old Maggie take a six-week, 13,000-km trip from Maine to Wyoming in search of good trout fishing. The result is a sparkling, occasionally wistful tale of recovery from personal misfortune.

New Hampshire-based travel writer Bill Bryson covered considerably less territory—1,400 km—to produce **A Walk in the Woods** (Doubleday, $32.95). But he did it on foot, and the result is an often hilarious account of his attempt to walk the Appalachian Trail, which stretches from northern Georgia to northern Maine (he managed only 40 per cent of its length). He was accompanied by an old high school chum named Stephen Katz, a recovering alcoholic who is overweight and seriously out of shape. What makes a person undertake such a trip? Bryson offers several lofty reasons, but he is a humorist who sensed the comic possibilities before he ever hoisted a 40-lb. pack. "I wanted a little of that swagger," he writes, "that comes with being able to gaze at a far horizon through eyes of chipped granite and say with a slow, manly sniff, 'Yeah, I've shit in the woods.' "

Ireland-based adventurer Tim Severin has made a career of re-creating historic land and sea voyages, and writing books about his exploits. In his latest, **The Spice Islands Voyage: In Search of Wallace** (Fenn, $34.95), he retraces some of the travels of British naturalist Alfred Wallace, who spent 3½ years during the 1850s on a series of remote islands, which are now part of Indonesia. Wallace wrote about his wanderings in *The Malay Archipelago*, and collected thousands of specimens of exotic insects and birds. Severin sets out in an indigenous vessel to see how much of this fabulous wildlife is still around 140 years later. Inevitably, Severin's book contains two stories, his and Wallace's, and the latter is more interesting.

Another Indonesian adventurer, Toronto writer Linda Spalding, re-creates her experiences in **The Follow** (Key Porter, $29.95). And, as in the case of Severin, Spalding was on the trail of another visitor. But her subject was a contemporary, Canadian Biruté Galdikas, an expert in orangutans. Spalding's book chronicles three trips she made up a crocodile-infested river to the interior of Kalimantan, the Indonesian part of the island of Borneo, in 1996 and 1997—the first with her two grown daughters. Galdikas proved to be much more elusive than the endangered orangutan. And Spalding discovered that the conservationist work of the Coquitlam, B.C.-based anthropologist, a disciple of the renowned Louis Leakey, was mired in controversy. That alone makes the book fascinating, but more engaging is Spalding's journey into her own heart of light and darkness—as well as her radiant, insightful prose. "The orangutan's stare is intrusive," she writes. "Still, it is a stare without judgment, more like a photograph than a mirror. It is a stare developed over millions of years of looking for edibles in distant trees."

While Severin and Spalding plied equatorial waters, American writer Myron Arms sailed from his Maryland home to the frigid Labrador Sea to search for signs of global warming. Arms explains at the outset of **Riddle of the Ice: A Scientific Adventure into the Arctic** (Bantam, $31.95) that he first ventured into these waters aboard his 15-m sailboat on a recreational cruise in the summer of 1991. Pack ice that stretched hundreds of miles beyond the northern tip of Newfoundland stopped his progress. Yet most of eastern North America was experiencing one of the hottest summers on record, leading Arms to wonder whether the ice was a sign of climate change. He spent the next three years talking to scientists, and in the summer of 1994 returned to the Labrador Sea hoping to find a definitive answer. The riddle remained unanswered. "Our knowledge about the mechanisms that drive the Earth's climate is large," he concludes, "but our ignorance of them is larger."

The most astute observer among this diverse collection of travellers, adventurers and outdoorsmen is Oregon writer Barry Lopez. In **About This Life: Journeys on the Threshold of Memory** (Random House, $32), he takes the reader to coral reefs off the Caribbean island of Bonaire and finds sea creatures "so strange to human senses, they seem extraplanetary." He goes to Hokkaido, Japan's northernmost island, and visits a lake with water so clear that a person can see to a depth of 39 m. He has a deep respect for the earth, and is appalled at the average American's ignorance of their nation's wondrously diverse geography. "The more superficial a society's knowledge of the land it occupies, the more vulnerable the land is to exploitation, to manipulation for short-term gain," he warns. "The land, virtually powerless before political and commercial entities, finds itself finally with no defenders."

Armchair athletes can sit back with two new anthologies on sports. **A Passion for Golf** (McClelland & Stewart, $33.99), edited by Schuyler Bishop, fleshes out the proposition that golf is a lot like life. Starting with an excerpt from Canadian Arnold Haultain's 1908 treatise *The Mystery of Golf*, it includes writers ranging from Bob Hope to John Updike, who amuse, inform and discuss how the forces that transformed North American society, from civil rights to environmental protection, also changed the game. That sport-in-society theme can also be found in **Bunts: Curt Flood, Camden Yards, Pete Rose and Other Reflections on Baseball** (Dustican, $35), a collection of columns written over the past 25 years by George F. Will, a Pulitzer Prize-winning political columnist and commentator. Will writes lovingly and knowledgeably, still excited by the confrontation between pitcher and catcher, yet wistful that, through labor strife, bad management and the changing landscape of the 1990s, baseball is no longer America's pastime. But at least Will, like the other authors of the season's best books about adventure and athleticism, ensures that books about lively pursuits will continue to be a going concern.

With JAMES DEACON and PATRICIA HLUCHY in Toronto

More hot nonfiction

Easy Riders, Raging Bulls: How the Sex-Drugs-and-Rock 'n' Roll Generation Saved Hollywood (Dustican, $35). Written by *Premiere* magazine editor Peter Biskind, this book about the advent of Martin Scorsese, Francis Ford Coppola, Robert Altman and Steven Spielberg in the '70s is a treasure trove of gossip and cultural insight.

Imagining Canadian Literature: The Selected Letters of Jack McClelland (Key Porter, $26.95). In this collection edited by Sam Solecki, the charismatic publisher praises, teases and feuds with Leonard Cohen, Farley Mowat, Mordecai Richler, among others, in elegant, hilarious, always entertaining missives.

The Gifts of the Jews: How a Tribe of Desert Nomads Changed the Way Everyone Thinks and Feels (Doubleday, $32.95). Mixing erudition and folksiness, Thomas Cahill explores the lasting impact of ancient Jewish history.

Streeters: Rants and Raves from This Hour Has 22 Minutes (Doubleday, $19.95). Famous for these irreverent social commentaries, Rick Mercer tickles the funny bone or raises blood pressure—depending on one's political leanings.

Foul play for fair days

The private eye is an enduring character, whether a hard-boiled professional or resourceful amateur. But the mystery genre comprises more than the whodunit. There is a book for every taste, whether police procedural, spy novel or psychological thriller. Maclean's staff stalk the season's best.



Rendell (aka Vine): a suspenseful, emotionally wrenching tale

Its abstruse title, **An Instance of the Fingerpost** (Random House, $35), and a hefty 685 pages could put some readers off this historical mystery. But that would be their loss, for British novelist Iain Pears has created a moodily evocative masterpiece. Set in Oxford, England, in 1663, the seat of political, religious and scientific ferment after the Restoration, the story revolves around the murder of New College don Robert Grove. Four different narrators give an account of events, and each has good reason to distort the truth. As a result, the book's challenge, and reward, lies in trying not only to determine the identity and motive of the killer, but who can be believed.

Ex-Libris (Random House, $22.95) is also set in the 17th century. And like Pears, novelist Ross King, who was born in Estevan, Sask., and now lives in Oxford, has done an excellent job of creating believable historical characters, not modern personalities in period costume. London bookseller Isaac Inchbold, asthmatic and portly, undertakes a quest across Europe for a missing manuscript, which draws him into a world of espionage and treachery. Jumps from first to third person are jarring at times, but that is a small complaint about an otherwise superb book.

BETWEEN THE COVERS

The term superb can also be applied to **The Chimney Sweeper's Boy** (Penguin, $32) by Barbara Vine, a pseudonym for British crime queen Ruth Rendell. The nine Vine books are psychologically complex, usually working backwards in time to a horrible crime. In *Chimney*, the daughter of a recently deceased novelist uncovers huge discrepancies in her adored father's life when she undertakes his biography. Suspenseful and wrenching, it reveals how a single act reverberates through decades to rupture the lives of several families.

Some of British novelist Philip Kerr's books could be called high-concept: *The Grid* featured a malevolent building, while *Esau* toyed with the missing-link theme. Now, with **A Five-Year Plan** (Doubleday, $29.95), Kerr has written an old-fashioned caper tale. Like Dortmunder in Donald Westlake's novels, Dave Delano is a not-so-bad bad guy. After five years in a Florida prison for a crime he did not commit, Delano wants to live on easy street—by pulling off a heist on the high seas. The book is fast-paced and witty, and has a surprise ending—no wonder Tom Cruise bought the movie rights.

In **N Is for Noose** (Fitzhenry & Whiteside, $32), Sue Grafton's likable female detective, Kinsey Millhone, finds herself in a spooky little town working for a very strange client. A widow wants to know what her husband was really up to before he died suddenly of apparently natural causes. Fans will enjoy this 14th in the series: it's well-plotted, readable and, as always with Grafton's novels, has a twist.

Popular American lawyer-turned-author John Grisham seldom strays from a formula: take a naive lawyer-hero, have him uncover the corrupt doings of some lawyer-villains, and let them collide. But in Grisham's hands, that has been a formula for success—and is again in **The Street Lawyer** (Doubleday, $35.95). After a gun-toting vagrant invades a prestigious Washington law firm, brilliant young attorney Michael Brock sets out to learn all he can about the man. His journey leads him right back to his own firm. Credit Grisham with plenty of tension and a page-turning pace.

A homeless person also plays a key role in Mary Willis Walker's **All the Dead Lie Down** (Doubleday, $29.95). When bag lady Sarah Jane Hurley overhears a plot to gas the Senate chambers, the only one who believes her is Molly Cates. But Cates, a magazine journalist, has problems of her own. Armed with new evidence, Cates is determined to do what she could not do 25 years earlier—prove her father's death was murder and not suicide. Walker has the courage to let her character be self-obsessed and unsympathetic—at first. The novel earns its right to be called a thriller as the two plotlines converge.

The past is also a palpable presence in James Lee Burke's **Sunset Limited** (Doubleday, $32.95), his latest to feature police detective Dave Robicheaux. Spanish Civil War veteran and labor organizer Jack Flynn was killed in 1956—crucified to the wall of a barn near New Iberia, La. Flynn's children have recently returned. Megan has taken up the cause of a local prison inmate, and Cisco is shooting a movie. A multi-layered plot features murders old and new, the New Orleans mob—and the lovingly rendered atmosphere of the bayou, which has become Burke's trademark.

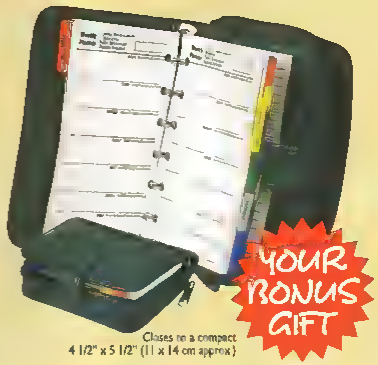
B.C.-based writer Frank Smith is more of a just-the-facts-please kind of writer. Of course, in **Stone Dead** (McClelland & Stewart, $28.99), a brisk police procedural set in Shropshire about an unidentified body found in a well, the facts are not always what they seem. A snappy afternoon's read.

BARBARA WICKENS

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BY JOHN BEMROSE



'he actor: 'this are ability to hare thought with he audience'

It hangs in the entrance hall of actor Brian Bedford's Stratford, Ont., cottage—a framed poster of Sir John Gielgud as Hamlet, staring moodily into the distance like some melancholy household god. It is early afternoon, and Bedford, clad in sandals, shorts and an untucked blue shirt, clearly has not been up for long. Cradling a bowl of breakfast cereal, he looks up at the portrait of the great English actor who has been his friend and mentor for almost 45 years. Currently launching his 17th season at the Stratford Festival—where he gives a scintillating performance in Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*—British-born Bedford recently took time out to phone Gielgud on the occasion of his 94th birthday. "He complained he wasn't feeling too well," Bedford recalls. "And when I asked him what was wrong, he said he wasn't getting enough work. He thought maybe he should change his agent."

Bedford chuckles affectionately at the thought of the old actor still immersed in the fray. Bedford himself turns 63 this year and can look back on an illustrious career of his own. After spending 16 years as a Broadway star (he won a Tony for best actor in 1971, for *School for Wives*, and last year was inducted into New York's Theater Hall of Fame), he moved in 1975 to Stratford, a two-hour drive west of Toronto. There, he has steadily burnished a reputation as one of the finest classical performers on the continent. "He's a charismatic actor with extraordinary range," says former Stratford artistic director Robin Phillips, who was responsible for bringing Bedford to Canada. "He has this rare ability to share thought with the audience—to make the text of a play come clear and alive."

At the festival, Bedford plays the reluctant suitor Benedick opposite 59-year-old Martha Henry's Beatrice—a high-powered if unusual pairing, since Shakespeare's battling lovers are usually portrayed by much younger actors (Bedford drolly refers to this production as "the geriatric *Much Ado*"). He played the same part at Stratford alongside Maggie Smith 18 years ago. Bedford still recalls Smith's ferocious perfectionism, as well as the challenge of standing up to her incandescent stage presence. "God knows, when you're up there with Maggie you have to do your best. Otherwise you disappear."

Anecdotes involving famous performers slip easily from Bedford, in the rich English tones that nearly 40 years in North America have not diminished. Settling into a large armchair—surrounded by the country antiques and career mementoes with which he has filled his sunny, high-ceilinged cottage—he projects the relaxed affability of a man with little to prove. Handsome in a puggish, working-class way, he exudes an irrepressible youthfulness. His mop of hair shows little grey, while regular swimming and walking have kept him trim. There is the matter of those dark glasses, though. During a one-hour interview, they remain crookedly in place, hiding the brown eyes with their look of pained sadness that is so much a part of Bedford's acting equipment. Perhaps exhaustion is taking its toll. Besides appearing in *Much Ado*, he is also directing Shakespeare's difficult late romance, *The Winter's Tale*, opening on June 23. Bedford says there have been many sleepless nights. "I've been working seven days a week, 18 hours a day. Sometimes the mind just won't stop spinning."

With Bedford, theatre and stress have long been associated. He once declared that getting a production ready "involves a passage through hell." It is perhaps ironic that the reason he got into theatre in the first place was to escape the stress of an unhappy home. Born in 1935, he is the son of Arthur Bedford, a postman in Morley, Yorkshire, and his Irish wife, Bessie. Their marriage was a battleground—Bedford laconically remarks that "between them they recreated the Anglo-Irish wars." As well, two of his brothers were terminally ill with tuberculosis. The small house was filled, he recalls, "with the smell of disinfectant and the sound of people retching into pots." Bedford escaped reality by pretending to be a radio—he would sit behind the couch, reading out passages of *The Radio Times* in his best actorly voice. As well, there were annual visits to the Christmas pantomimes, and by 9 he was travelling alone to watch the repertory company in nearby Leeds. During the war, relief of another sort came from a cousin in Chicago, who sent the family care packages that included much-treasured movie magazines. "I fell in love with that whole suburban, Doris Day thing," Bedford says. "I felt America was where I really belonged."

A poor student, Bedford dropped out of school at 15, got a job and took the bus each evening to act with an amateur troupe. "I was making my way, but I was frightened too," he says. "I had this strong Yorkshire accent, and I was very self-conscious. Really, I was very insecure. Most actors are. That's why they want to spend their lives pretending to be others." But he had some success. A local paper complimented him for a small role in *Julius Caesar*. His first review read: "Bedford listens well."

In the early '50s, the young actor won a scholarship to London's famous Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, where his classmates included Peter O'Toole, Alan Bates and Albert Finney. "We were all from the North, all in the big city for the first time, all going absolutely mad," Bedford says, relishing the memory of those hard-drinking times. Upon graduation, he won a spot with the prestigious Liverpool Repertory Company. When Gielgud arrived in town with a touring version of *Much Ado*, Bedford wangled a dinner with him, and their long friendship began. A couple of weeks later, learning that Bedford was about to play Hamlet, Gielgud wrote him a 12-page letter of advice which Bedford still has. And when the two appeared together in *The Tempest* in Stratford-on-Avon, the great actor gave Bedford private verse-speaking lessons in his dressing room. "I'm still passing on what John taught me, to my cast in *The Winter's Tale*," Bedford says, adding, "And remember—he learned it from Harley Granville-Barker in the 1920s, when John was playing King Lear at the Old Vic. So we're talking about a very long tradition—that's one of the glories of the theatre."

In those early days of his career, Bedford got to meet some of the stars from a fading era of European glamor. He once spent a long evening with Noel Coward and Marlene Dietrich, sitting spellbound as they reminisced about their careers. But his own future lay in the New World. In 1959, he travelled to the United States with a hit production of Peter Shaffer's first play, *Five Finger Exercise*, directed by Gielgud. Sailing into New York harbor, Bedford felt he had come home. For the next 16 years, he recalls, he "lived the very pleasant life of a successful Broadway actor. I did movies and TV and won the Tony and stuff. I had a nice flat in the city and a lovely house and farm up the Hudson Valley."

Then, in 1975, Phillips asked him to work at Stratford. Bedford accepted, and remains convinced that the move "really has made my life. Stratford is the right place for me." He credits Phillips with helping him unlearn what he calls "the English style of highly technical, under-emotional acting. Robin encouraged me to delve into my own resources, rather than copying somebody else's." Always a very good actor, Bedford developed into a supremely fine performer of the classics, excelling in roles as diverse as Tartuffe and Angelo in Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*. Among his greatest achievements was playing the title role of Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens* in 1991. As the disillusioned aristocrat whose friends desert him when he loses his fortune, Bedford touched deep emotional chords with his uncanny combination of clarity and soulfulness.





With Witham Hutt (left) and Henry in Much Ado; *with Maggie Smith in* Private Lives *(1978); 'extraordinary range'*

RICK CHARD FOR MACLEAN'S

Bedford says he doubts he could ever go back now to the grind of commercial theatre (which commonly demands eight performances a week, as opposed to three or four at Stratford). He seems well settled in his cottage, which he shares with his partner, actor Tim MacDonald. Notorious for working obsessively and taking little time off, Bedford says he is finally learning how to relax. Last year, in the off-season, he holidayed alone in Morocco—"I fell madly, passionately, soulfully in love with the place, now I have to go back again and see what that was all about."

The actor says he is financially secure enough to retire in a couple of years, but doubts he will. The fact is, he loves acting, and the place he gets to when a performance is going well, too much. "You sort of aquaplane on the energy and interest of the audience," he says. "It's a very mystical communication." Does he experience a kind of ecstasy then? Bedford pauses before answering, shaking his head behind those dark glasses. "No. But out there, where you know exactly what you are doing, you feel safe." □



Dale (centre) in Man of La Mancha *a rich study of a fierce woman and her knight*

A champagne season

For a taste of heaven at this year's Stratford Festival, try Act 2, Scene 3 of Shakespeare's comedy *Much Ado About Nothing*. The play's sworn bachelor, Benedick (Brian Bedford), is reading a newspaper behind a bush when he overhears three others talking about him. But the trio—Leonato (William Hutt), Don Pedro (James Blendick) and Claudio (Tim MacDonald)—know he is there. Their entire conversation, hilariously fuelled by too many martinis, is a trap, designed to lure the dyspeptic Benedick into thinking that Leonato's quick-witted niece, Beatrice (Martha Henry), is in love with him.

With the magnificent William Hutt doing slow, drunken double-takes and Bedford staring disbelievingly over his reading glasses, the scene is the epitome of Stratford at its comic best. The annual six-month feast of plays in the town a two-hour drive west of Toronto got off to a strong start early this month with the launch of six new productions (six more will follow later in the summer)—an impressive four of which get high marks. Certainly *Much Ado*, set in 1920s Italy, is the most effervescent of the lot. Directed by Richard Monette, the festival's artistic director, the show complements Shakespeare's wit with set designer Guido Tondino's idyllic background of dramatic coastal vistas and sun-drenched gardens.

Before the show opened, Monette had already generated some controversy with his decision to cast two older actors in the usually youthful roles of Beatrice and Benedick. But both Henry and Bedford—two of the festival's most skilled veterans—are convincing as a quarrelsome autumnal couple who have never quite gotten around to marriage. Bedford is especially good, using his formidable intelligence and articulation to create a charmingly plaintive Benedick. The show has its flaws: the manic vaudeville music used at certain intervals seems out of tune with the prevailing mood. But most of this *Much Ado* is pure champagne.

Another success is *A Man for All Seasons*, the 1960 historical drama by Robert Bolt. Exquisitely directed by Marti Maraden, the play tells the story of Sir Thomas More, Henry VIII's lord chancellor. By refusing to approve of Henry's divorce of Catherine of Aragon and his subsequent marriage to Anne Boleyn, the highly principled More places himself in the way of the king's wrath—and ultimately pays with his life. Supported by a uniformly excellent cast, Douglas Rain is superb in the lead role, subtly creating a More who is as playful and humane as he is iron-willed. His tender relationships with his daughter, Margaret (Emma Campbell), and wife, Alice (Diane D'Aquila), reach a heartbreaking climax in the scene where the imprisoned More bids them goodbye for the last time, after this, his actual execution seems anticlimactic, and even clumsily sentimental. Presented with great elegance and simplicity against the dark wood of the festival's thrust stage, this show matches More's honesty with a burning integrity of its own.

The festival's musical this year is *Man of La Mancha*, the 1965 hit written by Dale Wasserman, with music by Mitch Leigh and lyrics by Joe Darion. Staggering in a loose-jointed way about the stage, his eyes staring wildly, Juan Chioran scores a triumph as the deluded knight, Don Quixote. And Cynthia Dale turns the slatternly serving maid, Aldonza, into a compelling study of a woman whose proud defiance is all that stands between her and ruin. This production effectively emphasizes the brutality of its setting amid the poverty and despair of the Spanish lower classes in the 16th century. When the cast sing the great theme song, *The Impossible Dream*, it becomes clear that the lyrics refer, profoundly and movingly, to the entire human task of creating a meaningful life in the face of mortality and failure. The only major flaw is the distorting use of microphones that make the singers' voices seem to come from everywhere at once.

Stratford's fourth strong show is *The Miracle Worker*, William Gibson's 1959 dramatization of the story of Helen Keller, the young American who overcame the limits imposed by blindness and deafness thanks to the perseverance of her attendant, Annie Sullivan. Though a fairly workmanlike play—not really a classic by Stratford's usual standards—it is so skilfully acted by Dale, as Sullivan, Stratford newcomer Trish Lindstrom, as Keller, and the rest of the cast, that it forcefully touches the heart.

Most of Stratford's initial shows are deluxe diversions

Less successful is another commercial drama, *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* by Jay Presson Allen. The gifted Lally Cadeau plays the title role in this 1966 story of a Scottish schoolteacher who indoctrinates her own pupils with her romantic vision of life. But although Cadeau catches Jean Brodie's glittering pride and joie de vivre, she fails to touch her underlying vulnerability and fear—as Maggie Smith did so powerfully in the 1969 movie. More disappointing is the festival's production of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, directed by Douglas Campbell. Despite some patches of good acting—such as Keith Dinicol's first scene as Casca, and Cadeau's Portia—the cast members move and speak with such unthinking carelessness that their characters never become memorable individuals.

JOHN BEMROSE

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Peter C. Newman

Falling off a bar stool alerts a wary investor

I have a friend in Calgary named Ralph Hedlin who has had great success playing the stock market. His winnings are based on never buying into a company until he does his own due diligence. He was having lunch at a downtown bar a couple of years ago, when in staggered a paunchy and dishevelled gent who spent the next hour or so perched on a bar stool, knocking back drinks until he keeled over and passed out.

When Ralph inquired about the drunk's identity, it turned out to be a bar regular, David Walsh, the head of Bre-X, then starting its climb to infamy. "Well," Hedlin said to his companion, "that's all the due diligence I need," and never bought a single share of the Indonesian swamp that turned out to be the greatest mining swindle of all time.

Walsh died recently, but his legacy survives. How directly he was involved in salting the core samples that convinced geologists there was real gold at Busang will likely never be known, but there is plenty of evidence to suggest he knew what was going on and took advantage of his insider knowledge to mint a personal fortune. During 1996 alone, Walsh and his wife, Jeannette, who doubled as his secretary, cashed in Bre-X options worth $34.9 million—many purchased from the corporate treasury controlled by Walsh, for one cent each. Though the stock was still flying high at the time, Walsh had already prepared his escape route, having purchased his seaside villa near Nassau in the Bahamas in December, 1995.

Only 41 days before the crash, Walsh prompted or allowed his chief geologist, John Felderhof, to issue wild estimates, claiming that the Borneo find contained 200 million ounces of gold. That meant the Bre-X open pit mine would have been history's richest discovery, containing gold worth $100 billion. To put the 200-million-ounce figure in perspective: the world's largest existing open pit gold ore body, being mined in Irian Jaya, Indonesia, by Freeport-McMoRan of New Orleans, has reserves of 55.3 million ounces of gold.

Until Walsh looked up Indonesia in his home atlas, Bre-X was a worthless Alberta Stock Exchange shell, selling for two cents a share—which is a couple of pennies more than it's worth today. Yet at its height, Bre-X had a stock capitalization that exceeded that of the Molson Cos. Ltd., Chrysler Canada and Coca-Cola Beverages combined. Even had it been an honest play, this kind of extravagant valuation could not possibly have been justified by a mining property that had yet to produce its first ounce of gold.

If there is anything that Walsh ought to be admired for, it was that he proved how easy it is to fool the experts. John Doody, editor of Wall Street's monthly *Gold Stock Analyst*, who did a detailed study of how the swindle worked, estimates that it took only $40,000 worth of real gold to salt all 268 drill holes.

What was most frightening about the Bre-X fraud is not how simple it was to carry out, but how gullible—or stupid—the Bay Street gurus were in backing a company run by Walsh, who only weeks before he discovered what he modestly called "the largest gold deposit in history" was driving around Calgary in an ancient Buick Regal held together by duct tape, and a year earlier was so maxed out on his 14 credit cards that he had to declare personal bankruptcy.

The analysts managed to achieve a perfect record for being wrong about Bre-X. Egizio Bianchini, Bay Street's top gold-mining analyst, who works at Nesbitt Burns, declared after a visit to Borneo: "I know for a fact there's gold. I've seen it." Only days before the stock went into the dumpster, he was touting the stock to double to $29. Even after chief geologist Michael de Guzman jumped to his death, Bianchini further strained his credibility by telling his clients that the idea of samples having been salted was "so preposterous, I am not even going to address the possibility."

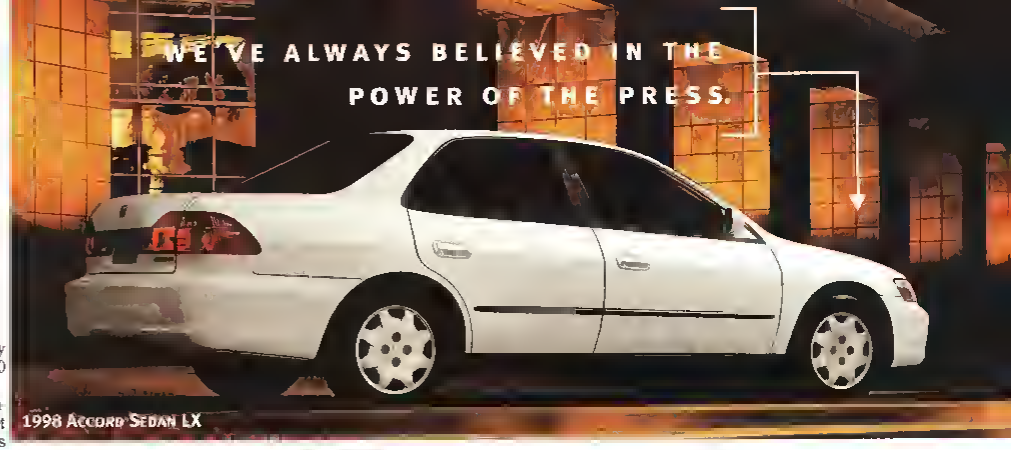
> The stupidity of Bay Street gurus was the most frightening aspect of the Bre-X fraud. How can we believe them ever again?

How can we believe what Bay Street analysts tell us, ever again? The best advice was published in *Barron's*, the authoritative New York City investment weekly: "When the lead geologist of a speculative gold-mining company falls out of a helicopter—sell the stock." A variation on this useful counsel came from Vancouver's "Tookie" Angus, one of Canada's most knowledgeable mining lawyers. "I have a cardinal rule," he once told me. "I never buy goldfields from guys in Calgary; and I never buy oil wells from guys in Vancouver."

Everybody was fooled, no one more so than Paul Kavanagh of Toronto, who hung in as an independent Bre-X director until the bitter end, supporting the firm's initiatives, and introducing the stock to Bay Street's trendsetters. Now retired, Kavanagh had been senior vice-president of exploration at Barrick for six years and held senior positions at mining companies Kerr Addison, Newmont (as president for two years) and Rio Algom before his stint at Barrick. How he could have gone along with Bre-X's 200-million-ounce reserve estimate—which made no sense at any level comprehensible to a professional mining man—remains a mystery. Equally incomprehensible was the decision by the Toronto Stock Exchange to include Bre-X in its prestigious 300 index, where it joined such venerable institutions as the Royal Bank.

The Bre-X tragedy was best summed up by Dr. Eugene Newry, who attended David Walsh during his fatal illness. "Aside from the aneurysm," the good doctor concluded, "Walsh was in excellent health." Exactly. But then, aside from the fraud, Bre-X was an excellent gold mine.

Allan Fotheringham is on leave.



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